Pope Paul VI *Enzo Forcella*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 6, 1963, 35 cents

A. Philip Randolph

Murray Kempton

Civil Rights Act of 1963

Alexander M. Bickel

Miseducated Teachers

Christopher Jencks

Nabokov's "Gift"

Hilary Corke

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Travel Note

★ No tour this summer will be complete without a visit to quaint, 357-square-mile Prince Edward County, Virginia; county seat, Farmville. There is only one Stratford-on-Avon and in somewhat the same sense there is only one Prince Edward County, where the whites closed all public schools in June, 1959, rather than integrate, and have just voted to keep them closed for the fifth year.

If you want to get away from it all hurry to pretty Prince Edward County – tranquil, serene, illiterate – where you find Southern decay at its best. Amaze the folks back home with photographs of the closed public schools, with the "No Trespassing" signs on them – the only ones of their kind in the civilized world; or the fleet of 50 yellow school buses behind a high wire barricade.

Imaginative persons who like the "feel" of the past, who want to escape from modern ideas and plumbing and twinges of conscience, will hurry to picturesque Farmville where every breeze wafts the delicate aroma of social decay, like ripe Camembert. Ask one of the smiling 1,500 colored children what she knows about the multiplication table, or Lincoln, or the Constitution, and chuckle at her artless reply, " 'Deed, Massa, we never heard of them!" The Supreme Court's Bible-reading ban missed Farmville: there *are* no public schools.

Virginia's unspoiled nature land rejoices in Longwood College for Girls and Hampden-Sydney College, which thrust their historic roots deep into the same rich native compost heap. A Robert E. Lee summer folk festival had been planned at Farmville, according to one rumor, with the playful re-enactment of an old-fashioned Southern lynching and barbecue; but the community fathers ultimately decided that an educational lynching was adequate.

Come to Prince Edward, folks! Archaic customs are not confined to the Old World; America, too, has its Stratford-on-Avon of the mind, with thatched cottages of the intellect and mullioned windows of the soul! Spend a carefree hour with Supervisor John Steck, Congressman Watkins Abbitt, or J. B. Wall, editor of the weekly *Farmville Herald,* arguing whether it is wise to teach poor people their letters, and whether the earth is flat. Or tarry awhile with some friendly member of the native Protestant clergy over the meaning of the text, "Suffer the little children. . . ." Your visit to Prince Edward, we feel, will be richly rewarding.

Is a Tax Cut Enough?

★ We have made the point once or twice in these columns that there is a surprising passivity among America's unemployed; the ratio of idleness has been rising and is now just under six percent. In another country this tragic situation might produce political turbulence, we have noted, or riots; yet there was little evidence of it here. We wonder if we have not overlooked something.

The rising racial tension surely is connected with the plight of the Negro unemployed. Negro unemployment is two or three times the rate of whites; for teenage Negroes it amounts to one in five. Racial tension is the first big IOU that the stagnant economy has presented to America for payment.

We really can't believe President Kennedy's tax bill will solve it, either. A new analysis is just published, "Taxes and the Public Interest" (paperback, 50c, Conference on Economic Progress, 1001 Connecticut Ave., Washington) which argues that the program is too small, too slow, and goes largely to the wrong people. The study urges heavy new federal spending is required.

Well, we shall see. But consider these forecasts offered not from outside but within the Administration. Manpower director Seymour Wolfbein says that increased productivity is proceeding at a rate where in seven years the US can produce the total output of 1960 *with 22 million fewer workers.* And that isn't all, for while 22 million present workers will either be in new jobs or unemployed, the labor force will have increased, he says, by an additional 13 million. We shall need 36 million new jobs by 1970 or the unemployment rate will mount to I don't know what.

Will Kennedy's tax cut stimulate growth and meet this problem? Just to catch up with the job gap already present, the Conference on Economic Progress figures, we ought to be booming along now at a growth rate of eight percent, later perhaps slackening down to five percent. But what is the actual rate? It is the lowest of any of three recent economic upturns: 5.4 percent during 1961-62; 3.3 percent from first quarter 1962 to first quarter 1963; and only 4.1 percent, seasonally adjusted, "during the much-heralded quickening of the upturn from fourth quarter 1962 to first quarter 1963."

If we really wanted to wallow in gloom we might note that some Congressmen think the civil rights controversy will halt the rest of the Kennedy domestic program, tax cut and all. We don't believe it, but if it *did* the stimulus of even an inadequate program (if it is inadequate) would be postponed.

The Silence of Good People

★ Not since John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" have we seen a more eloquent manuscript written in prison than Martin Luther King Jr.'s "Letter from Birmingham City Jail," dated April 16, and replying to a remonstrance by eight "moderate" clergymen of that city. It is a classic if ever we saw one.

Obey the law, he asks? Do you forget "that everything Hitler did in Germany was 'legal'?"

"Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating," he says, "than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection."

It is a long, eloquent, splendid article addressed to "the appalling silence of the good people," and your grandchildren will read it in the textbooks.

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When Comrades Meet

Whom common institutions and a common peril hath joined, said the President repeatedly in Europe, let no man (and certainly not *that* man in Paris) put asunder. The crowds cheered the young, informal friend from America. And as Mr. Kennedy prepared to return home, leading members of the Soviet and Chinese Communist parties prepared to sit down in Moscow in private conference, to talk about *their* common problems. They are many, and the path to Communist unity is strewn with broken glass.

This Sino-Soviet gathering has a lengthy pre-history. About two years ago, differences of opinion within the Communist camp had become so pronounced and widespread that another meeting on the highest level was deemed necessary. The Chinese then invited a Soviet delegation to Peking; the Russians countered by asking Mao Tse-tung to be its guest; in the end it was decided to confer in Moscow without the presence of either Mr. Khrushchev or Mao Tse-tung. That is the meeting that begins July 5, though in actual fact, the deliberations began earlier – and nastily, in public.

In a 60,000 word open letter dated June 14 and addressed to the Soviet Party, Red China put forward its agenda. Notice was served that the Chinese would insist on discussing "criticism of Stalin," on condemning any Communist country [*i.e.*, the Soviet Union] that "goes to the length of putting economic pressure on other fraternal countries." Moscow, Peking advised, must denounce Yugoslavia and make peace with Albania; it must give up any notion of "collaboration with US imperialism"; it must repudiate the notion that "contradictions between oppressed nations and imperialism can be resolved without revolution by the oppressed nations."

Three days later, the Kremlin announced that the Chinese communication would not be published in the Soviet press (surprisingly, a lengthy summary was printed in a Bucharest daily), that the Chinese had broken their promise to refrain from "open polemics," and that the letter contained "unwarranted attacks on the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." All this in advance of private "peace talks."

In part the Russians and the Chinese are wrangling over tactics. Peking adopts a militant line in the underdeveloped countries and, generally speaking, favors taking greater risks on behalf of revolution, including the risk of nuclear war – though, it should be noted, Peking acts more prudently in Asia than it speaks to the world. To the Chinese, "revisionism" is the great corruptor of the world Communist

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movement; they loathe Tito, and incidentally some other West European Communist leaders, and they take a much more favorable view of the late Joseph Stalin than do their Soviet comrades to whom familiarity taught contempt.

But if that were all, it should be possible to collaborate in certain common tasks, agreeing to disagree amicably elsewhere. Mere misunderstandings could be cleared up; the real trouble is that each side understands the other only too well. The Chinese object not merely to Soviet tactics; they have a substantially different view of a Communist society and of a Communist world system. Coexistence is for them an historical impossibility – and in this they see history, though from the reverse end of the telescope, in somewhat the same way as do the "hard-nosed" American critics of conciliation. The Sino-Soviet struggle fundamentally is a struggle for power inside the Communist camp, with the Chinese working to replace the Soviet Union as the leader not only of Communist states, but of all revolutionary movements in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Peking knows that it is too early to press this claim all the way, but in preparation it has been energetically organizing Asian-African regional Communist groups from which the Russians are to be excluded.

The dividing line is not always clear. The incendiary and primitive Chinese rhetoric finds a more receptive audience among some less-experienced and more volatile underdeveloped countries than does Khrushchev's more deliberate and cautious approach, whereas Mao's policies are unappealing to the relatively-advanced European countries. Some of China's Asian neighbors who fear Chinese expansionism support the Russians, while some of Mr. Khrushchev's Russian critics and some oppositionist elements in Western Communism may back Peking. Behind all the manifestos and harangues lie realities of national character. Russia has a hard-won stake in peaceful development. So, one might say, do the Chinese. But they are influenced at this stage by considerations of prestige and a mystical belief in the destiny of China. For these reasons, if for no others, the Moscow meeting is unlikely to produce anything more than another paper compromise.

These exchanges remind one of religious controversies of the Middle Ages, and Mr. Suslov, who is to head the Soviet delegation, is in a position comparable to Martin Luther's when he had to defend himself against the orthodox Dr. Johann Eck, in Leipzig in 1519. The task of the fundamentalist in such disputations is easier: all he must do – and the Chinese have been doing it – is argue that his views are in accordance with basic doctrinal writings. But this requires considerable adroitness on the part of the Russians, for they have begun to realize that Lenin's prescriptions are of only limited relevance to the problems of a mature industrial society and to foreign policy in a nuclear age. Mr. Suslov cannot base his case entirely on Marxist Holy Writ; this would be tantamount to inviting disaster. But, like Luther, he cannot afford to appear heretical either; he will have to use very guarded language about the "necessity to develop Marxism-Leninism in a creative way" and to "adapt it to changing circumstances." To which the Peking fundamentalists may be expected to reply: rotten liberal deviationism. The dialogue will be familiar to Mr. Suslov, for have the Soviet comrades not hectored the world for several decades in similar fashion?

The One-in-Twenty Chance

Averell Harriman's journey to Moscow the middle of this month to discuss once again with the British and the Russians a test ban treaty is more a reconnaissance mission than anything else. No informed source in Washington, including Mr. Harriman himself, has been heard to say an optimistic word. One high official rates the chance of success as one in 20. For reasons Profumo, Prime Minister Macmillan has been eager for a meeting, however pro-forma. The United States, for its part, wants a treaty only if inspection is "airtight," though it would rather be talking about this issue than about almost anything else with the Russians at the moment: confident of its superiority in nuclear weapons development, Washington would welcome a monitored ban on all tests, though it is going ahead with preparations for another test series – just in case. The Russians blow hot and cold – mostly cold. They had at first proposed postponing further talks for four or five months (there is evidence that they were planning new tests themselves). While agreeing to try again, the Soviets have done their best to deflate any premature hopes. There is some possibility that the USSR will attempt to use the occasion of Mr. Harriman's presence to broaden the agenda to include matters closer to Khrushchev's heart – the disagreeable US-sponsored multilateral atomic force, or the long-sought non-aggression treaty between NATO and the Warsaw pact countries.

Would a US-UK-USSR treaty abort the birth of fourth or fifth nuclear powers? No one can be certain, though in all probability the Russians are as little able to contain the nuclear ambitions of Red China as is the United States to divert de Gaulle from his preoccupation with an independent *force de frappe*.

In spite of years of technical arguments over detecting clandestine tests, nobody knows either exactly what the Soviets mean by an on-site inspection. Still claiming that seismographic advances make on-sites unnecessary, the Soviets once offered, as a "political conces-

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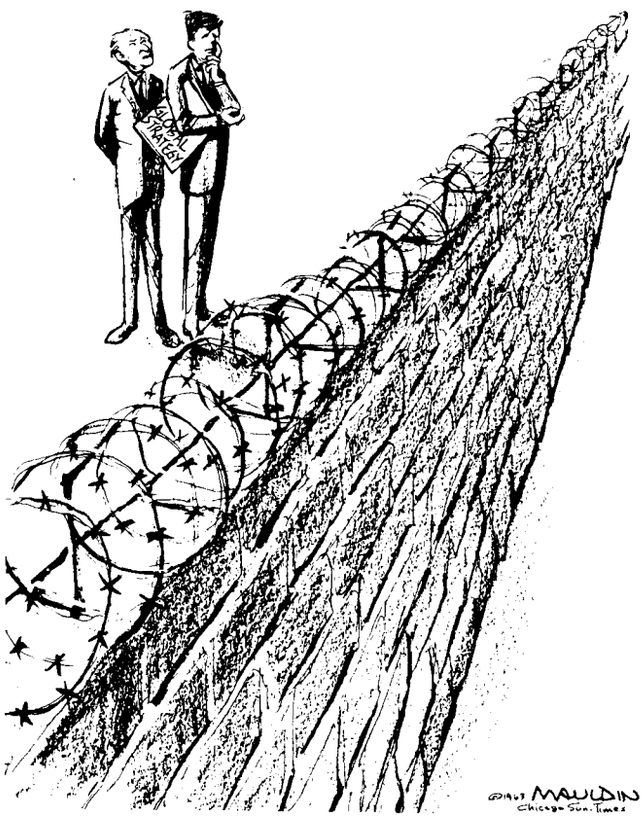
sion," to allow three such inspections a year. The United States has asked for seven, and this narrow difference has led some to suggest that the difference could simply be split; others say the US might even agree to go along with the Soviet three. But a compromise by number alone merely conceals the gulf between the sort of inspection the Soviets may have in mind and the sort the US has considered necessary. This discrepancy was pointed out some days ago by Arthur Barber, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Arms Control, who told a Congress of Scientists on Survival in New York that "if the Soviet Union will discuss modalities [the conduct] of on-site inspection so that we know whether we deal with apples or oranges or eggs when we count them, this government is willing to reduce the number of inspections." But he added that, "You don't have any confidence, until you know whether you're able to come on [to the site] and stay two months and thoroughly check the area, or whether you're coming up there blindfolded; they take the blindfold off and let you look around the landscape, blindfold you and say, 'You've had an on-site' and take you home."

Giving a Little

Though no three-power test ban agreement is in sight, there have been in the past week or two a few tentative moves away from that "vicious and dangerous cycle with suspicion on one side breeding suspicion on the other," to which Mr. Kennedy referred in his speech at American University on June 10. In Berlin, the President looked to the future and saw a "reconstitution of the larger Europe on both sides of the harsh line which now divides it." His words were addressed over the head of Chancellor Adenauer to all Europeans, including Russians. He counseled East-West "contacts and communications" and "all the trade that Western security permits." He spoke of "winds of change blowing across the Iron Curtain as well as the rest of the world" and noted that "the harsh precepts of Stalinism are officially recognized as bankrupt." And he reminded his Free University audience that before Berlin and Germany can be reunified, others must be brought "to see their own true interest better than they do today." Mr. Kennedy thus again sent word to Moscow that irrespective of nationalisms and conflicting theories on how best to organize our societies, the common concerns of men compel a common search for something more promising, something more mutually profitable, than the Cold War as we have known it since 1946.

Some modest conciliatory gestures have come from the Soviet side too. The initial Voice of America relay of Mr. Kennedy's American University speech (in Russian) to the USSR was jammed for 2½ minutes (those paragraphs referring to "baseless and incredible" Soviet claims of America's war-like intent were blocked out). There was no jamming, however, of subsequent rebroadcasts of the talk. And since June 19 jamming has ceased on all VOA transmissions to the USSR in Soviet languages – including news programs which refer to Sino-Soviet relations. Soviet jamming of BBC broadcasts was discontinued on June 10. The Russians may change their minds at any time. That has happened before. In September of 1959, the day Khrushchev left for the US, jamming was lifted, only to be reimposed in May, 1960, at the time of the U-2 incident.

Within recent days, the Russians also approved setting up a "hot line" teletype link between Washington and Moscow, the cable passing through Helsinki, Stockholm and London and permitting almost instantaneous communication between the two heads of state. And in the same week in Vienna, the Russians reversed themselves and said they would go along with amending the statutes of the International Atomic Energy Agency so as to permit agency inspection of large or small atomic reactors in such countries as India, to assure that safety standards are observed and that fissionable materials supplied by the agency are in fact used for nothing but peaceful purposes.



"A Pfennig for Your Thoughts."

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"AREN'T POLITICS FUN?" SAYS KING HAROLD I

That Cad, Profumo

London

The Conservatives have been left by the Profumo-Keeler scandal looking, like Hamlet, upon this picture and on that. There is the Prime Minister they've got, Supermac that was, now visibly old, increasingly alone in the cabinet, and hourly playing, to his own palpable satisfaction, the juicy role of the Edwardian grandee beset on the club steps by dunning tradesmen. ("Aren't politics fun?" he said to a friend the other day. "And they always turn out right in the end.") And there is the picture of the Prime Minister the Tories might have – if they dared to choose him. Not, one suspects, Rab Butler any more, for the longer the delay the greater the probability that the party will settle in the end for a young man. Not Iain Macleod, the "too clever by half" Macleod whose star, which blazed in the firmament when he became party chairman in 1961, has waned with Macmillan's own. Not Ted Heath, who has hardly risen above the horizon since the twilight in Brussels last January. And not the darling of the right wing, Lord Hailsham, whom intelligent Tories regard as an arbitrary and excitable comet. No, it looks like Reggie Maudling (46), the large and hugely likable Chancellor of the Exchequer whom the younger Tories, restless about Macmillan since Harold Wilson (47) took over the Labour Party, would like to have, if they could get him.

Maudling is certainly young. ("Too young," the older men say. "Remember, a lot of us were in the Commons before him.") He has for years concealed a first-class mind under an indolent, after-dinner exterior. He is personally undamaged by the Profumo affair. Under him the economy is picking up nicely (unemployment down to 2.1 percent and the visible trade gap narrowing). And he has been – in successive jobs, including the Colonial Office – a lucky minister. Conservatives, like Napoleon, respect that test.

But when will Macmillan go? He looked a dead duck (and President Kennedy could safely have put off the Birch Grove visit) when the party first heard of the rumblings inside the cabinet – centering on Enoch Powell, the ascetic and abrasive minister of health – and when 27 Tories, double the number Macmillan's chief whip expected, abstained in the Commons vote on the handling of the Profumo business. But King Harold-That-Is will accept no unseemly dismissal. He has gathered his housecarls around him on the cliffs, the loyal knights of the shire who understand the infantry officer's code (and were as shocked as Macmillan when it turned out that Jack Profumo, the cad, had lied to the adjutant). And in the constituencies there has mustered the great *fyrd* of Tory women who stridently insist that their leader shall not be brought down by a trollop like Miss Christine Keeler. There are arrows a-plenty in the Westminster air, but the doughty squire is still unbroken. Like that still more aged chieftain of the Rhenish Anglo-Saxons, Konrad Adenauer, King Harold retains to the last the power of decision and maneuver.

Of course Macmillan will go sometime – perhaps in early August, to give his successor a clear run of two months before he has to meet the annual party conference. Many of the MPs who voted reluctantly for Macmillan in the Profumo debate, did so in the belief that this dignified departure had been pre-arranged. But now Macmillan is talking of more jobs that he still wants to do. There is the nuclear test ban, and with it the lingering hope of another return to the summit. There is the further security inquiry which the Profumo case has thrown up (though it is hard to see what evidence can be produced that Profumo, Miss Keeler and Captain Ivanov of the Russian Embassy had more than one interest in common). And readers of that other Trollope will recall that the Prime Minister of England always fights for his own corner. It is a thought that gives many Tory members of Parliament, in marginal seats, the shudders.

Paradoxically, the Profumo affair may actually have strengthened Macmillan's position – if he does mean to fight on. Before the scandal broke surface the public opinion polls, after a brief Tory rally on the strength of Maudling's budget, showed the party's electoral chances sinking out of sight, for this year at least. This would have brought on an attempted palace revolution inside the party this summer. Now the crisis has come for Macmillan, but on an issue which he can present as a matter involving his personal honor as well as his competence. What Conservative who is not a dunning tradesman at heart could bring himself to kick out a man whose fault was to trust a colleague's solemn word? As Supermac was the first to see, it is a part that he, of all born tragedians, can ham up indefinitely.

But what is to happen to the government of Britain in the interval? What value is Macmillan's decision to give a warmer welcome (plus plenty of warheads but

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no money worth speaking of) to the NATO mixed-manned nuclear force? What weight, in the outside world, can any Conservative Prime Minister exert when everyone expects Harold II, of the House of Wilson, to reign in his stead within 12 months? Probably very little. But now they have got over their first masochistic impulses the Tories do not want to go to the country until, they hope, the Profumo affair has blown over (which means several court cases ahead), the East-West rapprochement is budding visibly again, and the home economy has entered its regular, two-year boom. And there is one man who can drive to Buckingham Palace tomorrow and advise the Queen to dissolve Parliament – and thereby condemn all rebellious young Tories to five years in the political wilderness. He, as the rebels have been plainly and reliably informed, is Harold Macmillan.

Alastair Burnet

Brake or Accelerator?

Pope Paul VI

Milan

Until 1954, Giovanni Battista Montini, the man who has assumed the spiritual leadership of 500 million Roman Catholics, choosing as his name Paul VI, was thought of in Rome as the "grey eminence" of Pius XII. This needs to be modified. Pius XII was an authoritarian who concentrated power in his own hands and would never have accepted as a collaborator anyone with the strength of personality to put him in the shade. We should think of Montini then more as an intelligent and tactful executor of policies than as their instigator. There were, however, at least two occasions on which the intervention of this austere and aristocratic Monsignore was decisive. He was responsible for the alignment of the Catholic Church with "Atlantic" and "Western" positions at the beginning of the Cold War. Secondly, he was responsible for the support given to the policy of De Gasperi, in the teeth of Pope Pius' opposition. For though Pius was sympathetic to the Christian Democratic leader, he would have preferred a more openly conservative and anti-Communist policy in Italy.

Montini cannot be accused of having revolutionary ideas. Nevertheless, he was what is called an enlightened conservative, a man who realized that the Church had to keep abreast of modern trends, yielding on certain points, forgetting the days of encyclicals which condemned modern civilization outright, or the era of temporal power when the Popes lumped together liberalism and democracy, socialism and free scientific research, denouncing them all. Montini's ideas were those of a realistic politician. What, for example, was the point of outlawing Communism in a country like Italy where the Communist Party was a symbol of protest and of the need for social justice? De Gasperi's "policy of containment" was much to be preferred, and Montini, when he went to the United States in 1951, was a fervent supporter of it.

But the most conservative Cardinals – Ottaviani, Pizzardo, Piazza and Micara – were then the dominating force in the Roman Curia; even Pius XII's cautious reforms were thought by them to be excessive. Worse still, Montini himself was becoming too powerful. Without it being obvious, he had, as the years went by, built up a web of friendships and admirers, especially among the foreign bishops. Although he was still on the lowest rung of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, he had become one of the most often mentioned of the possible successors to Pope Pacelli.

Nobody has yet managed to reconstruct exactly what happened inside the Vatican in the fall of 1954. But suddenly and unexpectedly, Montini was banished from the Secretariat of State and nominated Archbishop of Milan. It was an important see, and it also gave him, for the first time, "pastoral" experience. Montini had come to Rome immediately after being ordained as a priest at the age of 23. He was now 57, and in all that time, except for his official missions abroad, he had never left his office in the Vatican or had any direct contact with the faithful, which may explain an inability to establish genuine human relationships that was felt by anyone who had been in close contact with him. A young Catholic leader said of him: "You can love him, and know that you are loved in return, but you also feel that, at bottom, there is no trust in his love. He regrets his own youth when he sees himself as he was when he knew how to sing happily, had few doubts and no existentialist rebellion. He cannot accept the fact that even young people, everybody, at a certain moment becomes an adult and is no longer disposed to accept in silence the obligations of humility and obedience."

However much of an honor his transfer to the Archbishopric of Milan was, everyone, Montini included, considered it a defeat. He had become the victim of a court conspiracy. "Your Grace," a colleague said to him, "you have, through your own goodness, lost the chance of going higher." "That may be," replied the Archbishop, "but, in compensation, I have jumped onto the Paradise bandwagon." There were other compensa-

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tions. In the years that followed, it became obvious that, far from damaging him, his defeat was working in his favor. All the more so because, defying tradition and with an obstinacy that was humanly incomprehensible, Pope Pius refused to his dying day to confer the Cardinal's purple on his ex-collaborator. And so, Montini was surrounded by an aura of persecution. The priest who represented a generous striving for a more modern and efficient ecclesiastical policy had been frustrated. And, in accordance with the best Catholic tradition, he reacted to ingratitude with submission and the silent exaltation of obedience.

This, at least, is how it appeared to the public. In private, it is known that throughout the last four years of the Pontificate of Pius XII, the Milan Curia became one of the most active centers working at the top level to pave the way for a suitable successor to Pacelli and the "correction" of the most anachronistic, conservative and authoritarian tendencies of his pontificate. Montini was working, side by side, with Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice; Lercaro, Archbishop of Bologna; his great friend Wyszynski, with Gracias and almost all the progressive Cardinals. He wrote introductions to books that were slightly unorthodox, authored by Leo Suenens, bishop of Malines (Belgium) who was to become, during the Ecumenical Council, the most combative leader of the progressive current.

A Star in the Vatican Firmament

It is most probable that, during the conclave of 1958, Montini realized that his own candidature was immature and (from outside, since, not being a Cardinal he was not a member), he became one of the strong supporters of Roncalli's election. This may or may not be true, but it is certain that the new Pope immediately placed his name at the head of the list of new Cardinals and favored him with a multitude of attentions.

His period of defeat and exile had passed. He was now, once again, a star of the first magnitude in the Vatican firmament. The hopes and sympathies of everyone who shared Pope John's almost revolutionary spirit of innovation were concentrated on him.

And yet, it was John's Pontificate, tending towards the realization of Montini's ideals, that turned out to be the greyest period of the Archbishop of Milan's career. Everyone had expected him to be in the front ranks during the great battle that the "innovators" had joined at every level against the traditionalists. But Montini became more cautious and reserved than ever. His pastorals seemed inspired by his preoccupation not to be too deeply involved. He was always searching for the middle path of compromise. During the Council he spoke only a couple of times, making it clear that he was not prepared to follow the line taken by Cardinals Alfrink, Frings and Suenens to its logical conclusion.

In his contact with the lay and political world he became less and less inclined to permit any attempt at free discussion. Even though its importance may be limited, his intervention, just when the Council was about to open, that obliged *Adesso*, the most progressive Milanese Catholic journal, to cease publication, was typical. I had the opportunity of reading the letters that the future Pope Paul VI sent to the editor of that journal. They have the harsh, imperious note of the superior writing to his inferiors and, in addition, carried the veiled threat of spiritual sanctions. Here the tone is more that of Paul III, instigator of the "Holy Roman Inquisition" than that of John XXIII.

Which, then, is the real Montini? Is he the Archbishop who poured cold water on the move for collaboration between Catholics and socialists; or the man who, on the eve of the conclave from which he was to emerge as Pope, swore that he would remain faithful to the heritage of Pope John?

A few months before he died, Pope John said, with a smile, to a visitor who was about to return to Milan, "Give my greetings to his Eminence Prince Hamlet." It was an ironical though affectionate barb, in the style that was Roncalli's own, but, after analyzing attentively all Montini's writings and the biographical details, comparing his memoirs and recollections, you conclude that nothing more apt could be said of him.

It is not difficult to work out his psychology from his delicate, introverted childhood. The background is conservative Catholicism, a dominant father – a solid banker and businessman, an eminent politician at the time when the Church was laying aside its old prejudice against nationalism and lining up with the moderate middle classes to put forward a common front against the socialist masses.

But, there is nothing to prevent us from considering this history also as one part of a very long ascetic preparation – a life built up day by day to control every passionate impulse, or at least to make sure that no passionate outburst should gain control of reason.

There is no background like the Catholic Church for cutting a man to his cloth. Nowhere else does the stamp of authority come so slowly. Sometimes, only the white vestments of the supreme Pontificate allow a man to transcend the need to be silent and obey, to become his real self.

There is no doubt that Paul VI will, as he announced in his first radio broadcast, re-open the Vatican council. There is equally no doubt that Montini's election was desired, or at least not actively opposed, by all the progressive wing of the College of Cardinals. He will manage to make the second part of the Council move more speedily, yet more cautiously than did the first part. He will continue the policy of "normalization" of

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relations with Communist countries, begun by his predecessor. But, as things now are in the Catholic Church, a Pope pledged to preserve the general pattern of reform projected by John XXIII is not enough. We must wait and see in what spirit he is going to proceed. It is said that Montini had received sufficient votes on the fourth ballot for election, but that he asked for another vote in order to obtain the votes of his opponents. It may be that this search for unanimity will be the keynote of his Pontificate. He may turn out to be a diplomatic Pope, more inclined to apply the brake than to put his foot on the accelerator. ENZO FORCELLA

Civil Rights Act of 1963

by Alexander M. Bickel

Not a word of the President's proposed Omnibus Civil Rights Act of 1963 is law as yet, of course; not all its words are equally likely to become law, and not all of its provisions which do get enacted will be equally important or effective. Yet the proposed Act in its entirety, together with the message to Congress and the address to the country that preceded it, is already an event in American history and one should pause for a moment to view it as a total event, before breaking it up into its component parts for purposes of analysis, as Congress itself will soon enough do. To view it in this fashion, it is necessary to move back a step, though a short one will do. Sufficient perspective can be gained by recalling attitudes that were common, say, two months ago.

School desegregation – albeit with deliberate speed and all that – was an established principle beyond any doubt, as Governor Wallace's shabby little minuet at the door of the University of Alabama demonstrated. This was a major political achievement, dating back to the Presidential campaign of 1960 and no farther. The Kennedy Administration had other achievements to its credit also, notably in desegregating interstate transportation facilities, and it was exerting executive power, though often too hesitatingly, along many lines. It was also trying to improve general, and therefore particularly Negro, economic conditions. But the Administration's long-range philosophy could fairly be stated as follows: The Negro must be put in possession of effective political power in the South. This means the vote, which ought to be achievable through the concerted efforts of the Department of Justice within the decade. Then the logjam will be broken, not only in Congress but also in state governments, and there can be major moves on all fronts, by the executive as well as by legislatures; for as every political realist knows, a different local and Congressional power structure would free the President to act in areas in which he is now inhibited, even though, theoretically, he already has sufficient independent power.

This approach overestimated the potentialities of the franchise, and it underestimated, as everyone did, the possibilities of direct action outside the usual legal and political channels. We have witnessed such action, and it has effected a breakthrough. The Negro, gathering himself together into a cohesive group, has shoved the moral question that inheres in his condition right up under our noses; has dramatized the intensity of his own feelings about it by allowing himself to be dragged, prodded, hosed, bitten and, in the case of Medgar Evers, murdered; has transformed a long-range problem into a present crisis, and thus, without waiting for the vote, has touched the levers of power. The President understood what was happening and saw the possibilities that had been opened. It is greatly to his credit that he called off the old bets without much hedging.

The President's new objective is stated in the proposed Omnibus Act, which declares that discrimination "is incompatible with the concepts of liberty to which the Government of the United States is dedicated." The Act understands discrimination to be not merely deprivation of rights, but also of "privileges accorded to other citizens." And, perhaps most notably, it aims to eradicate not merely deprivations, but also "inconveniences, humiliations, and hardships," to the end that we may achieve "the fullest development of the capabilities of the whole citizenry," and unlimited "participation in the economic, political, and cultural life of the Nation." The rest of the bill goes into detail, with almost no holds barred.

This is the new commitment. In its identification of the federal government with the aspiration of an aggrieved group in our society, this commitment is in itself comparable to Section 7a (the labor section) of

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the National Recovery Act of 1933, or to the Emancipation Proclamation. How this commitment will translate into law and other social action is perhaps another matter, and in any event a story still to be told. The same could have been said – and was – of the analogous commitments mentioned above. Yet social action is first of all a function of the goals we acknowledge. We move, like armies, by setting objectives.

The President could have said all this for himself and proceeded to implement a great deal of it on his own and in close collaboration with the Negro leadership. He elected to put it to Congress. Prospects for passage there of such a program two months ago would have been thought laughable. Now the President has judged otherwise, and at great risk, for should Congress not merely modify detail but wreck the program and thus dissociate itself from the new goals, the setback will be much graver than whatever loss the new commitment would have suffered had Congress never been asked to associate itself with it at all. It is now crucial, for negative reasons, as it were, quite aside from any other considerations, that Congress be led to adopt the essence of the President's program; else the President's historic commitment may crash down about him with an exceedingly hollow ring. And so the question becomes what is the essence of the program?

From the first, most attention has centered on the provisions dealing with discrimination in privately-owned facilities and stores catering to the general public. The bill would declare everyone to be entitled equally and in the same way, without distinctions based on color or other invidious criteria, to everything such places offer to the general public. Such places would include all hotels, motels and other transient lodgings that hold themselves open to travelers from other states as well as their own – which means, indeed, all; and places of amusement or entertainment presenting shows, teams or what have you that travel in more than one state, which again means practically all. Finally, the bill would apply to stores, gas stations, eating places, in short, all establishments selling goods or services to the public, so long as they sell to interstate travelers, or sell goods that came from other states, or otherwise affect the movement of people or goods among the states, or are part of the premises of, or are owned by, another establishment that itself falls in these categories.

There is a qualifying word running through all this – the various forms of connection with the interstate movement of goods and persons must be *substantial*. Ultimately, as a matter of power, this adjective does not represent much of a qualification. We have a national economy, and the corner grocery or drugstore is a part of it. The day of the country store dealing in local goods except for the occasional gala shipment of a bale of gingham from St. Louis is behind us. Nor, outside of marathon Senate oratory, is there any real question of constitutional power. It is precisely the fact of the national economy that is the measure of Congressional power, in the constitutional language, "To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States." If it is interstate commerce that feels the pinch, the late Justice Jackson once exclaimed, it does not matter who applies the squeeze, and that is really the last word on the question of power.

But even if enacted, exactly as is, this proposal has built-in limitations, as a matter not of power, but of practical possibilities. To begin with, the qualifying adjective "substantial" might mean little in the end to the Supreme Court, but a great deal of obstruction and delay could be extracted from it by unsympathetic federal judges in the South, of whom there are a few. Secondly, even at the hands of sympathetic courts, the proposal will suffer from the limitations that necessarily attach to all judicially-enforced law. For enforcement is to be by private suit, with the useful proviso that the winning party is to be awarded a reasonable attorney's fee, and failing that, by suit by the Attorney General. Now it would take some years before the Supreme Court had made everything sufficiently clear for litigation in the lower courts to proceed expeditiously without hitch, and even then enforcement must necessarily remain relatively episodic. Such, ineluctably, is

The Stranger Maligned

I can't be a pessimist because I'm alive. To be a pessimist means that you have agreed that human life is an academic matter, so I'm forced to be an optimist; I'm forced to believe that we can survive whatever we must survive, but the future of the Negro in this country is precisely as bright or as dark as the future of the country. It is entirely up to the American people and our representatives, it is entirely up to the American people whether or not they are going to face and deal with and embrace the stranger whom they maligned so long. What white people have to do is to try to find out in their own hearts why it was necessary to have a nigger in the first place, because I'm not a nigger, I'm a man, but if you think I'm a nigger, it means you need it. . . . There's no difference between the North and South. There's just a difference in the way they castrate you, but the fact of the castration is the American fact. If I'm not a nigger here and you, the white people invented him, then you've got to find out why. The future of the country depends on that.

– JAMES BALDWIN
in an interview with Dr. Kenneth Clark on National Education Television

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the process of judicial law, as, for example, the history of our antitrust statutes demonstrates.

A full-scale administrative agency, like the National Labor Relations Board, say, or the Securities and Exchange Commission, might be capable of having a more immediate, wider and more uniform impact. But even such an agency would have its problems. Heavy emphasis must continue to be placed, therefore, on private action – shall one say, collective bargaining – on the pressure of public opinion and of further Presidential leadership, and on the prodding and mediating activities of the Community Relations Service that the Act would establish and expect to operate before judicial machinery is set in motion. This is an admirable proposal, from which the most immediate and palpable results may be expected, although it is difficult to understand why the Administration thought it necessary to place the same statutory limits, very broad as they may be, on mediating activities as on the power to litigate. The bill would limit interventions by the Service to cases where constitutional rights are involved or interstate commerce is affected. Ultimate *enforcement* power must – constitutionally – be so limited, but mediating or conciliating services need not be any more than are similar Presidential efforts.

However, to say that the Community Relations Service is really the heart of the bill is not to say that the litigating club will not have its uses, even if it stays mostly in the closet; nor is it to say that having proposed much more, the Administration can safely accept only the mediating Service. For one thing, it is extremely important that the proposed litigating power extends not only to enjoining discrimination on the part of the establishments covered, but also to protecting from outside threats or harassments those which comply. This assurance of protection may aid as much as anything in efforts to obtain voluntary compliance. For another thing, independent creation by the Supreme Court, under the Constitution and without statutory provision, of a private right to sue in such cases, analogous to the right to sue in school or voting cases, while not inconceivable, is not to be looked-for tomorrow. But this attempt at a realistic analysis would indicate that some restriction or enforcement authority might be acceptable – limiting it, say, to enterprises doing a certain significant amount of gross annual business. For the Community Relations Service will in any event have several years' work cut out for it before it reaches the cross-roads store or, in a phrase already current in Washington, Mrs. Murphy's boarding-house. Extending enforcement coverage, or perhaps shifting over entirely to an administrative-agency set-up ought to be less difficult later.

Coming to other parts of the proposed Omnibus Act, one may pass over, as useful, but of a different order of importance, proposals made earlier as well for strengthening the voting provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1957 and 1960, and for extending the life of the Civil Rights Commission. On schools, the Administration proposes, at long last, reaffirmation and exercise of authority that exists already, although it has not been exercised, for the Office of Education to extend technical aid in the framing and implementation of desegregation plans. There is provision also for loans and grants. The big news here is the proposal to authorize the Attorney General to sue in school cases. This is a proposal that is perhaps not without some arguable value, but it has serious disadvantages, and is at any rate expendable. It might be otherwise if this provision were the only vehicle for committing Congress to the principle of school desegregation. But the other proposals do that.

School Suits

School suits are class suits against the local authorities. Not every pupil has to sue, and not every school has to be sued. The law is now well settled, and the process of proof is not overly cumbersome, though eventually, as litigation turns more on pupil assignment laws and on *de facto* Northern segregation, that may change. But at present school suits are quite different from voting suits, which the Attorney General conducts, and from prospective suits in hotel and store cases. The future may complicate school suits, but then the activities of the Office of Education may also simplify them. Organized private litigation is an established and going fact. If the Attorney General is to enter this field under present circumstances, it is fair to ask what field of private litigation he ought not to enter. And it is fair to ask how much one can expect a single, centralized Department of Justice to accomplish and still remain an administratively manageable law office, and how much drying-up of private litigating initiatives (and of private efforts to find alternative courses of action, which the burdens of litigation induce) we are willing to undertake. Without blanket authority, the Attorney General can, and has begun to, initiate school suits against federally-supported districts in impacted areas, where the government does have a special responsibility. One doubts very much that the Supreme Court will hold that the Attorney General lacks inherent power to sue in such cases, although a lower federal court has so held. Let this work be carried forward more energetically, and however debatable the points made above may be, we can surely get along a while longer without blanket authority.

There remain two major provisions of the proposed Omnibus Act. One would establish by statute, and substantially enlarge the jurisdiction of, the existing

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Commission on Equal Employment Opportunities under the direction of the Vice President. The writ of the commission is to run to activities getting any federal financial assistance, however indirect, "by way of grant, contract, loan, insurance, guaranty, or otherwise." The high priests of states' rights and private property may be surprised to learn how far that runs. Yet it is notable that, even without conferring enforcement power on the Attorney General, the proposal does not make the Commission's jurisdiction coextensive with the coverage of the hotel and store provisions. The Commission is not authorized to operate throughout interstate commerce. But it is equally notable that the jurisdiction of the Community Relations Service is, in turn, not restricted to hotels, stores and the like and their customers. The mediating Service may concern itself with all "disputes, disagreements, or difficulties relating to discriminatory practices based on race, etc." This can easily include employment practices anywhere in interstate commerce. We are, thus, well on the way toward full federal employment practices jurisdiction.

The other remaining major provision is short and dangerous. It says that the President may tie a no-discrimination string to any activity that gets any federal money at all. Many lawyers think that he has the power to do this anyway, and many people also agree with him that the word "may" is important, and that in some cases an absolute denial of funds because of persistent discrimination would amount to cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. The danger in putting this proposal to Congress is that the effect of any modification in it will be to give away gratuitously a portion of the power the President now has. And a complete refusal by Congress to accept this proposal may, depending somewhat on the course of debate, not only impair, but even perhaps be held to have withdrawn altogether, existing Presidential power. All possible steam must, therefore, be put behind this proposal, and it is something of a pity that the risk of placing it before Congress was taken.

How Can the Lawyer Help?

Of the 250-odd lawyers who accepted the President's invitation to join him at the White House to discuss this seething race conflict, nearly a quarter were Southerners. What one of them said seemed to me, as I listened, to express the attitude of "respectable" Southerners, who believe that the President is fostering street demonstrations which lead to violence. I remembered *The New Republic's* comment that the phrase "law and order" had been used as a pretext by segregationists to keep a white peace. To Negroes "law and order" had come to mean Bull Connor and dogs set loose on their children. The Constitution of the United States gives Negroes – as it gives everyone else – the right to assemble peacefully. When they use that right they should not only be protected but encouraged by every American who cares about his country.

But there are other ways. Robert Kennedy, cool, hard-headed, omnipresent, emphasized at the meeting some of those which can be used to bring to an end this degrading situation, for which all of us are more or less responsible. Communication between the two groups, as shown in Birmingham, has broken down. He told us of a judge – a convinced segregationist but faithful to his oath – who obeyed the Supreme Court decision and enforced the law and was thereupon publicly and socially ostracized, as was his wife. Local lawyers in the South seldom dare to speak out against such open defiance of the courts, nor do shopkeepers dare listen to any suggestion of equal treatment under law. There are signs, fortunately, of some improvement – more theaters opening their doors, eating places abolishing discrimination, golf courses and swimming pools dropping segregation. Lawyers could help, he told us, by setting up local committees all over the country to encourage negotiation, to create a consenting public opinion. The group responded warmly, and a committee is being formed as a result.

I wondered as the long meeting broke up, what lawyers *would* do. If only some of us could share the burden of this oppression, or at least the heat of the protest, march now and then with Negro demonstrators, arm in arm with them, taking our chances of law and order. Then I remembered that at this White House meeting I had seen John Lord O'Brian and St. John Garwood, Lloyd Garrison, Herbert Wechsler, Harrison Tweed, and Morris Abram, and others like them who are capable of passionate reaction against injustice and had fought for so long. The Vice President had spoken, after the President, with a new simplicity and earnestness; he too had burned his bridges. Perhaps the lawyers will help show the people this is not only a question of rights, but of right. FRANCIS BIDDLE

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A New Republic Special Report

The Great Thirst

The miracle of air conditioning by which you can have hot sun and comfortable year-round living has brought millions of people to the Southwest corner of the US in the past two decades to make it the fastest-growing section of the nation. Arizona's population is up 71.1 percent in the last decade, Nevada's 75.8 percent and California's 46.8 percent, mostly in Southern California. Demographers are pretty well agreed that these gains will continue. But nowhere in this vast area is there the 20 inches or more of annual rainfall which are generally considered necessary to sustain human life and a civilized economy.

This combination of circumstances explains the long and intense struggle of Arizona and Southern California over the Colorado River, a struggle that culminated but, as we shall see, did not end with a Supreme Court decision June 3.

The river heads up in the high Rocky Mountains of Colorado and its principal tributaries drain large areas of Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico – the Upper Colorado River Basin. Below historic Lee's Ferry, in Northern Arizona, the Colorado cuts through a corner of that state, lost to view in the depths of the Grand Canyon, then forms a common boundary between Arizona and Nevada, and then California as it rushes away to the ocean through the Gulf of California.

These states, Arizona, Nevada and California, comprise the Lower Basin and of them only Arizona has a major tributary to the Colorado River system, the Gila River. Southern California relies on the Colorado for a major share of the water it uses to sustain its expanding agricultural and industrial economy, and Arizona and Nevada have major plans to do the same.

By the Compact of 1922 the Upper and Lower Basins agreed to a division of the waters of the Colorado, although Arizona did not ratify this agreement until 1944. By action of Congress, however, the Compact went into effect conditional upon California's limiting itself to 4.4 million acre-feet of water from the Colorado. It was under this condition that the Boulder Canyon Project Act was passed in 1929 and the California legislature immediately passed a Self-Limitation Act, meeting this condition in order that the Hoover Dam might be built.

This great multipurpose structure, which still stands as the highest concrete dam in the Western hemisphere, was needed to bring the unruly Colorado under control and put its waters to work. The Southern California metropolitan complex centered around Los Angeles was already burgeoning, and the farmers of the great winter vegetable bowl in the Imperial Valley were pumping the Colorado dry when its flow was down. At the same time, they were living in constant jeopardy in those years before construction of the dam, for an abnormal snowpack in the high Rockies could send the Colorado roaring out of its banks during the early summer snow-melt. Such an overflow occurred in 1905 and it required two years of epic effort to turn the river back to its course. Much of the rich Imperial Valley is below sea level and in its center is the Salton Sea, a bitter, brackish lake which is 250 feet below the ocean, and which was created by the Colorado breaking the bonds of its normal course to the ocean.

Based upon a rather singular interpretation of the "law of the river" as contained in the Colorado River Compact and the Boulder Canyon Project Act, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior under President Hoover and, like Hoover, a Californian, negotiated contracts with California late in the Hoover Administration which gave that state 5,362,000 acre-feet of water annually rather than the 4.4 million acre-feet to which the state limited itself by legislative act. A Wilbur aide and adviser in water matters in the Department of the Interior at that time was a young lawyer named Northcutt Ely. Mr. Ely has spent his time since defending his interpretation of the "law of the river" as California's principal lobbyist and water lawyer in the Nation's Capital. He carried the brunt of the California battle through a decade of hearings before a Supreme Court Master during which 340 hearings piled up 25,000 pages of testimony.

But first the Master and then the Supreme Court rejected Ely's interpretation that the Gila River should be considered a part of Arizona's allocated share of the Colorado River, a key contention, and also held that the Colorado River Compact merely divided the water between the Upper and Lower states and did not make any allocation between or to respective states.

The court held, as Arizona contended, that lacking an allocation between the states of the Lower Basin, the Boulder Canyon Project accomplished this and that Act limited California to 4.4 million acre-feet of water. By rejecting the Masters recommendation that in years of shortage each state be allocated a *pro rata* share of

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the available water, the Supreme Court opened a Pandora's Box, and no one knows it better than the Secretary of Interior, for the court found that he should have discretionary authority to allocate water in dry years.

The Colorado River Compact on which the Lower Basin's share of 7.5 million acre-feet of water per year is based, anticipated a normal flow of the river to be 15 million acre-feet. But records compiled since that time show that high a runoff to be a rarity; shortages are the usual occurrence. Thus, California, which contracted with the federal government for and has facilities constructed to use 5,382,000 acre-feet of water, now faces a maximum use of 4.4 million acre-feet of water and may be reduced below that level if the Colorado River is not able to deliver to the Lower Basin the 7.5 million acre-feet of water annually which the Compact anticipated. And Arizona, which laid aside its long-planned Central Arizona Project to bring the Colorado River into the Phoenix area until the interstate water dispute was settled, is now moving forward seeking Congressional authorization and financing to undertake this billion dollar effort.

Therein lies the heart of an argument which has now been transferred from the court to Capitol Hill.

California contended in 1950 when the Central Arizona Project was before Congress, that Congress should not act until the water-rights dispute had been settled. Now the Supreme Court has acted. What next?

The fact that the Supreme Court gave the Secretary of the Interior discretionary authority to allocate water between the states will almost certainly be challenged. California may be expected to seek to write into the law a requirement that the limitation of 4.4 million acre-feet is not a ceiling but a floor, and that that state should have priority in any year of water shortage over any later use required for the Central Arizona Project.

Arizona, of course, may be expected to seek the course recommended by three dissenting Justices who, while agreeing with the majority opinion in other facets of the case, asserted that the Master's plan should be followed of allocating water in short years according to the ratio set up in the Boulder Canyon Project Act.

Squarely in the middle are Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall from Arizona and Undersecretary James K. Carr, a former Bureau of Reclamation employee in California and protégé of Democratic Senator Clair Engle of that state. Senator Engle will be seeking re-election to a second term next year, as will President Kennedy, in a contest in which California will be a key state with its 40 electoral votes.

Arizona, on the other hand, has only five electoral votes and also has the political question mark of Senator Goldwater, who retired from the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee last Congress to seek greener pastures in committees of national importance and prominence. His place was taken this year by Senator Carl Hayden who now, although the oldest member of the Senate in terms of service as well as age, is the "lowly junior member" of the Committee. But he is also chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee and one of the most powerful men on the Hill.

Will the Administration take a chance of alienating the voters of the key state of California and support the Central Arizona Project in deference to Senator Hayden? Such a move would reflect to Senator Goldwater's advantage and hurt Senator Engle. Or will the Administration wait until the dust from the 1964 Presidential and Senatorial battles has settled?

Senator Hayden is not waiting. He has already introduced the Central Arizona Project authorizing legislation with the concurrence of other members of the delegation and may be expected to pressure his fellow Arizonan, Secretary Udall, for an early updating of the old project report from the Bureau of Reclamation. But Senator Hayden is 85 years old. Will he be around through another Congress to lend his prestige and leadership to the Congressional battle?

In the meantime, Secretary Udall and Undersecretary Carr are working feverishly on a plan which will help California make up the water it has lost by the Supreme Court's decision and lessen the opposition from that state to the Arizona project. At the same time the Department, and principally its chief water agency, the Bureau of Reclamation, are undertaking investigation of a far-reaching water-development plan for all of the parched Pacific Southwest. Secretary Udall has pointed out that the Supreme Court decision does not develop any new water but merely allocates the existing supply, and that there will be shortages in both states unless new sources are developed.

These investigations center on conservation by more efficient use of the existing supply of water through such methods as lining of irrigation canals, and the reduction of evaporation by reconstitution of presently unpotable water (such as desalinization of salty ocean water or brackish drainage water and the purification of sewage outflows) and on the importation of surplus waters from outside the Colorado River Basin. California is already undertaking the latter by its own $1.5 billion state water plan, but an effort expanded beyond the present state program will be considered.

The Department of the Interior's desalinization research effort has had a strong California emphasis with a large pilot plant now in operation at San Diego where claims are made that output from this plant is down to a cost level which makes it competitive with other domestic sources of water. But the Southern California watermasters have shouted down these efforts in the past, as a diversionary tactic to lessen California's interest in the Colorado.

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A. Philip Randolph

"The Choice, Mr. President . . ."

by Murray Kempton

It is not Asa Philip Randolph's style to embarrass presidents of the United States in large assemblies; and so, when he came as a vice president of the AFL-CIO to the White House along with 300 other labor leaders, Mr. Randolph's brief comment on the President's televised speech on civil rights two nights before was at once a stately compliment and a measured reminder: "It was a magnificent speech, but it was, *unfortunately*, made rather late."

When the President had left the room and his audience was moving toward the outer air, a Southern "brother" approached Philip Randolph and asked where he could find someone from the Labor Department. "I got a problem to tell him about," he said. "The colored people are doing all right in my state. It's the white people I'm worried about. They're being discriminated against."

Randolph gravely escorted this stray over to the nearest Labor Department official and went away. He returned to Harlem amused but unsurprised; he is the only figure in the American labor movement who has, for 20 years, been able continually to surprise his country, but nothing surprises him.

His Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is aged and fading; it never had more than 15,000 members and no more than 5,000 of these are working now. Porters with 30 years of service endlessly deal the brittle old playing cards in their recreation room on 125th Street in New York, awaiting their chance for an odd, infrequent extra run. The porters may strike any day for the 40-hour work week which they alone among the operating railroad crafts have not achieved. They can expect the other unions to support their picket lines; this little group of old men could produce a national railroad strike. Nothing is new about their headquarters except the fresh picket signs.

The porter has always been poor and a menial; segregation created his job; the Pullman Company hired Negroes as porters because Negroes were inexpensive. And for most of the 37 years of their union's history, the porters have taxed themselves for campaigns to destroy segregation on the railroads, but they seem to have been defeated by economic history. Their union has raised their pay scale to a basic $436 a month which has made a porter's job one fit for white men, so fit in fact that occasionally a white youth comes to the Brotherhood in search of a union card; it cannot be given him, because there are not enough jobs for the old members, let alone new ones. There will be no white porters, and there will be no Negro engineers; the rule for employment on the railroads is not opportunity but seniority.

World War II was the best time they have known as workers. They used its rewards to finance Randolph's March-on-Washington movement, whose threat in 1943 won from Franklin D. Roosevelt the executive order which set up the wartime Fair Employment Practices Committee.

The First Freedom Rides into North and South Carolina and Tennessee were planned in Randolph's office in 1946. Bayard Rustin, a veteran of that first adventure into jail, remembers that everyone else had discouraged him until he came to Randolph. "It doesn't matter if you only get 18 people," Randolph said then. "If you go down there, other people will rise and follow." He was looking 17 years ahead as though they were the next day.

Ralph Bunche remembers traveling to Atlanta on the Seaboard line in 1947. South of Washington he went to the diner and was shown a table behind a partition. He looked at it, announced that he had not lived quite long enough yet to accept segregation and went back to his room.

"About half an hour later, my door buzzer buzzed. I opened it and there were two sleeping car porters and a waiter from the dining car with trays neatly covered and they told me that they had decided to bring me this food, because no Negro, in their view, who refused to eat at that Jim Crow table would ever grow hungry on a train where they served. They didn't mention it, but I took it that the food was with the compliments of the company."

The Brotherhood Building on 125th Street was the headquarters of Thomas Patterson, Eastern Supervisor of the Sleeping Car Porters Union, who once traveled to Wilmington, North Carolina, to negotiate with the

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Atlantic Coast Line. He was ejected from its dining car for refusing to sit at the segregated table. The next morning, Patterson completed his union business with a Coast Line lawyer; that afternoon, he sued the Line for his humiliation on the diner. The railroad settled out of court and removed for all time its Jim Crow partition; Patterson gave his profits to the Brotherhood.

In 1955, Edward D. Nixon, a Pullman porter, summoned the Negro community of Montgomery, Alabama, to boycott its buses. Nixon knew that it would be politic to choose one of the Negro ministers as leader of the boycott. The youngest and a stranger among them was Martin Luther King of the Dexter Street Baptist Church.

"He didn't say much, and I didn't know whether to trust him. But he had the richest church and he could hurt us," Nixon remembered. "So then and there, I nominated him to head our committee. I figured on pushing him out so far that he couldn't run away. And, with that bad guess, we got Moses."

Such is the history which enfolds this old command post set away in a Harlem that has changed hardly at all. Three floors down are the displays of studios that offer tap, ballet and other lessons in how to escape to the great world, and the advertisements of employment offices that offer jobs for maids in New Jersey.

"I Wish You Hadn't Said That"

"What was your class at Harvard, Phil?" Franklin D. Roosevelt asked once, bemused by the massively cultivated tone of a man whose only degree was from Cookman College, a Negro high school in Florida. "Who is Randolph?" a World War II government lawyer asked as he brought in draft after draft of an FEPC order in 1943 only to be told that "Randolph" was not yet satisfied that any of them went far enough.

"I wish you hadn't said that, Mr. Randolph," Harry Truman answered when Randolph told him in 1948 that he would advise every young Negro to refuse to serve in the Army so long as it was segregated. Randolph answered that he was sorry to have to say it; and, when President Truman was restored to calm, he signed the order which integrated the armed forces.

In 1951, William Mills, a Pullman porter, escorted a detachment of American soldiers into his car at Spartansburg, South Carolina. The sergeant was a Negro; most of the men in his command were white. One of the white boys put his head out of the window and asked in the accent of the South, "Sergeant, what time we supposed to get off." The sergeant answered and turned to see William Mills looking at him. "Yes," the sergeant said. "It's true. It's true."

Randolph is 74, thinner than he used to be. Men who have worked with him for 30 years call him "Chief" and treat him like a piece of old china; he tires more than he used to and lies down for a nap in the afternoon, like any country lawyer.

His only vanity is his manners. He has lived all his life in Harlem; he travels to the outside world as the ambassador of a Negro union. He carries a courtesy so old-fashioned that the white men with whom he negotiates are sometimes driven to outsized rages by the shock that anyone so polite could cling so stubbornly to what he believes; it was from such a shock presumably that George Meany breached the customary decorum of an AFL-CIO convention in 1959 by rasping, "Just who elected you, Phil, to represent all the American Negroes?" Randolph, almost alone on the convention floor, had been persisting in his insistence that the AFL-CIO had been derelict in its promises about civil rights.

"Every now and then," says Bayard Rustin, "I think he permits good manners to get in the way and that he even prefers them to sound tactics. Once I complained about that and he answered, 'Bayard, we must with good manners accept everyone. Now is the time for us to learn good manners. We will need them when this is over, because we must show good manners after we have won'."

Yet the Black Muslims trust Randolph more than they do any other Negro leader. When he organized a neighborhood committee on Harlem's economic problems, he invited Malcolm X, the local Muslim prophet, to join. There were objections from the respectable. Randolph replied that when any group of citizens offered a representative, it "would be most improper not to recognize him, even though it will, of course, be most unfortunate if some of the ministers decide they can't go along."

Malcolm X came to his office. Randolph patiently explained how the Negro and the white will have to live together and how wrong he thought the Muslims were not to think so. Then he congratulated the Muslims on their campaign against whiskey and narcotics. "That," he said gravely, "may be the greatest contribution any of us have ever made," and arose to help Malcolm X on with his coat and see him to the door. Malcolm X has said since that all Negro leaders are confused, but that Randolph is less confused than any of them. Last spring the Muslims put a picture of this pacifist on the cover of their weekly journal.

"When Randolph began," says Bayard Rustin, "the Negro leader had the terrible problem of living by his wits. It was very important that there be one man who could not be corrupted. That man was Randolph. Even now, any time you have a plan and don't quite trust yourself, you go to Randolph and, if you are fooling

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yourself morally, you can trust him to point it out."

Randolph suddenly appears as the only figure who can reconcile the painful personal differences that have fallen upon the Negro protest movement at the height of its sweep and its fashion. We confront one of those occasions familiar in all revolutionary movements when doctrinal differences pass over into personal quarrels. Its moment of revelation came just after the murder of Medgar Evers, Mississippi secretary of the NAACP. Martin Luther King called an NAACP official to suggest that together they proclaim a day of national mourning and self-examination and was told that he was always rushing into cases where he had no place or business.

Different Roads, the Same Direction

The alliance between King and the NAACP has always been uneasy. They have moved by different roads in the same direction, King mainly in the streets, the NAACP in the courts. King's young can seem irresponsible to the NAACP's middle-aged; and the NAACP's middle-aged can seem stodgy to King's young.

Randolph is alone among these leaders because he neither feels hostility for nor excites it in any other of them. He is a pacifist in a native American tradition; before most members of King's non-violent army were born, he was reminding the Negro of Thoreau's prescription to cast the total vote with feet and voice along with the ballot. He has a natural sympathy for King. Still, there are ways in which he is more moderate than the NAACP.While the association has been in open war with the AFL-CIO, Randolph has kept his friends there, offending them only on matters of principle. The porters remain as they have always been, moderate in the particular which involves manners, and radical in the general which involves principle.

Not even a malignant imagination could assign Randolph one side or another in the quarrel between King and the NAACP. King he judges to be not just a modest man but a humble one, which, for him, disposes of the NAACP's complaint. On the other side, he reminds the radical young how important it is to respect the association and Roy Wilkins, its executive secretary. "We must cultivate Roy," he tells them. "The association is the most important of all our organizations." He respects King because he has roused the poor Negro with results more consequential than any leader before him; and he respects the NAACP because it reaches the Negro middle class and can call upon its local chapters for hundreds of thousands of dollars in a real crisis; there is no other resource like this one.

Two months ago, Randolph had announced that he would call 100,000 Negroes to Washington to demonstrate against unemployment in October; it had seemed then just an echo of his 1943 march on Washington and scarcely relevant. Wilkins and King had different concerns and higher priorities, and without them, Randolph seemed reduced to the depleted resources of the porters. But then President Kennedy introduced his civil rights bill; Washington had again become the center and Randolph's march the only certain item on the movement's agenda this summer. Randolph moved his march to August; he and King agreed to widen its scope to cover the civil rights bill. There was suddenly the surprising prospect that Congress would debate these bills with thousands of Negroes standing outside.

Randolph and others were called again to the White House on June 22, just before the President was to leave for Europe. Mr. Kennedy said that he hoped that it wouldn't be necessary for Negroes to come to Washington in great groups while the debate was going on. Philip Randolph answered that he was afraid the choice was no longer whether Negroes came to Washington or not. "The choice, Mr. President, is between a controlled and non-violent demonstration and an uncontrolled and violent one."

Mr. Kennedy answered that a President had many responsibilities and he wanted it made clear that he was not inviting them. Randolph's manners instructed him that Mr. Kennedy was talking for the record.

He returned to plan a march that would be unlimited in aim, and that would remember above all the needs of all the poor and displaced, whatever their color.

"The Negro people are just one other depressed area," he said the other day. "As long as there is unemployment, it's going to hit us. The Negro is in the position of the white hod carrier and the white longshoreman. I should like all the unemployed to come with us. We complain because the building trades have no room for Negroes, but the real trouble now is that these unions are designed for profit through scarcity. If the crafts were open to us, that could not, in the present economy, create more than 40,000 jobs.

"When we have won, there will remain the Negro sharecropper. We shall end, great as this is, with a very sharp disillusionment when the great rallies are over. We had this experience with sitdowns in the '30's. We are basically a working-class group; we will not move unless we move with the rest of the working class."

More than anything else, Philip Randolph said, he would like to bring the displaced miners of Hazard, Kentucky, to Washington with him. He was silent just a moment, contemplating what all this sudden energy could mean, not just to the Negro, but to the whole United States. His secretary came in and reminded him that it was time for his afternoon nap. The Pullman porter, weary and depleted, has raised himself for just this one last effort to redeem his country.

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Jean Daniel

Ben Bella's Triumph

In a mere 12 months, the Republic of Algeria has become an important diplomatic capital of the uncommitted world – in part because of its tough, young President who understands revolution

Paris

The Algerian Republic is one year old on July first. It has not paused to rest after its long calvary. This is not a tranquil people. The Algerians have thrown themselves wholeheartedly – with an almost nihilistic frenzy – into an undertaking which for once merits the name, so widely abused in Africa, of a "revolution."

There are many different ways of summing up the past 12 months; they have been at one and the same time chaotic yet concentrated, disordered yet rich, extremely dangerous yet so promising. One way would be to say that the history of the "Democratic People's Republic of Algeria" from July 1, 1962, to July 1, 1963, is the saga of one man's struggle and of his efforts to lay the foundations of his power. That man is Ahmed Ben Bella, 44 years of age, son of peasants, one-time assistant bookkeeper and then noncommissioned officer in the French Army, who spent five of the seven years of the Algerian war in French Government prisons, or rather in residences of that government.

All noted historians, from Plutarch to Carlyle and Saint Simon to Theodore White, have been fascinated with the methods used by famous men to achieve power and keep it. President Ben Bella's technique, alternating between that of a Nietzschean superman and a shrewd peasant, which he has used to hack his way through and to reach the highest peak of honor and responsibility is rather impressive. It would be possible to describe his success by writing a treatise on the most efficient way of profiting by the divisions among one's enemies and the scruples of one's friends. However, as we shall see, Ben Bella is not completely opportunistic or entirely cynical. What, then, is he? The answer is that politics is not a choir-boy's job, nor is revolution a Salvation Army project. Only the Pharisees among us would say otherwise.

In July, 1962, Ben Bella held not a single trump-card in his hand. It is true that he was one of the nine "historical leaders" whose influence was decisive in the November 1, 1954, uprising against France. It is also true that ever since his plane was intercepted by the French in 1956, he has enjoyed great popularity with the non-political Algerian masses and with the Arab world in general. But in the final analysis the powerful frontier army in Algeria did not recognize him as its leader; his title of Vice President of the Provisional Government in Exile was purely honorary; his leadership was contested by a great many *maqui* leaders, by the Kabyles, by the students, by the intellectuals, in short by the revolutionary movement which before and after the cease-fire and the Evian agreements was preparing to affirm its authority.

Ben Bella had nothing but two absolute convictions. The first was his unshakable belief that he, Ben Bella, was the Chosen One, and that without him the revolution would collapse. The other was his belief, arrived at by observing all the other elements of the revolution from the detachment of his lengthy imprisonment, that none of them could ever enforce mutual agreement and that they were fated to commit a disastrous error which he would turn to his advantage. Ben Bella's very lack of cultural background and of a complex education may have saved him from being torn by an over-sensitive conscience and by inner conflicts. His very deficiencies became the source of his strength, and it is this which intellectuals find hard to grasp.

In one year, Ben Bella has moved through all the various stages of a rising leader. First he got rid of the provisional government and, with the aid of some unexpected alliances and the support of the Army, he set up a Political Bureau. The provisional government had committed the blunder of alienating Colonel Boumedienne, chief of the Armed Forces: Ben Bella immediately entered into an agreement with him which became the mortar cementing his power. The trade unionists were resisting him: he reshuffled their leadership with disconcerting deftness. Within the Political Bureau, which had been his platform and his springboard to power, one of his most intimate friends, Mohammed Khider, was attempting to create a mass party which would control the government and thereby reduce the authority of its chief: Ben Bella discarded him in less time than it had taken Khrushchev to retire Bulganin, and he accomplished this with the same skill shown by de Gaulle against Giraud in 1943 – despite

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American opposition. Today, Ben Bella reigns completely alone. It is true that Colonel Boumedienne is at his side, and Boumedienne could have come straight from the pages of a Malraux novel. He is ascetic and enigmatic, a silent, intense man, alleged by wishful thinkers to be patiently biding his time. Yet Boumedienne without Ben Bella is not a Strong Man.

Can it be said that Ben Bella is nothing but a creature of politics with a certain disarming flair, a power-seeker who believes in his mission, a shrewd peasant who knows how to ruthlessly exploit his opponents' weaknesses? Absolutely not. Nor can he be charged with opportunism and cynicism. Power can be won by pure ambition, but no man can hold onto it unless he is the spokesman of an historical trend or of the sum of his people's aspirations. The only exception is a situation in which the means are available to set up a total dictatorship or to organize a police state. But such a situation does not prevail in Algeria today. It may be that a police organization will gradually become necessary to guarantee the success of the Algerian Government's program, but as of now Algeria is not Egypt or Spain, and still less a Communist country. And so Ben Bella's survival must be based on something other than personal ambition, a class power-struggle, terrorist methods or the inertia of the masses. The explanation lies in the realties of the Algerian revolution – realities which are frightening but which, by their very vastness excite the imagination and inspire enthusiasm.

Taking Over the Land

All at once, overnight as it were, without any advance preparation, Algeria's agricultural workers have taken possession of 1.5 million *hectares* of rich land left abandoned by the sudden and massive exodus of large and small French Algerian colonials. The effect of this on-the-spot take-over is spectacular. How did it come about? In one area the disinherited peasants, enraged at seeing rich, unworked land directly alongside their own *gourbis*, simply took the initiative; in another, the government expropriated certain colonials whose names were more or less identified with colonial repression; in still another, former *maquisards*, party representatives, or sometimes even ordinary profit-seekers, moved in as squatters. Regardless of method, the pressure from below, was powerful. Ben Bella asked nothing better, although he had not expected such a reversal to take place so quickly; and from the outset, he adjusted his role accordingly. He transformed the chaos of illegal seizures into a legitimate collectivist mystique. In so doing, the head of the Algerian Government launched an irreversible process of destruction of all the basic framework of Algerian society which had been created by French colonialism.

The immediate repercussions of this peasant revolution have, of course, been bitterly resented. First of all, French cooperation, which is vital for the Algerian economy, barely escaped being undermined. Sometimes land was declared "vacant" when the European owners were still living on it (and supporting the Algerian revolution), simply owing to jealousy or xenophobia on the part of the Arabs in a given region; or the administrative committees (*comités de gestion*) established to administer collectively a piece of expropriated land proved incompetent, or were divided among themselves – or the new managers lacked the equipment and credit necessary to cultivate the land. On the other hand, perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the whole shake-up is the peasants' complete absence of any desire to turn back. Their will to carry out the experiment to the bitter end, regardless of what it may cost, is almost universal. Sometimes the cost is tragically high. It can be safely estimated, for example, that there has already been a substantial drop in agricultural production.

The most serious repercussions, however, have been in urban centers. The modest middle-class has suffered severely from the inevitable slow-down of credit from French banks, from the feeling of guilt which all collectivist experiments induce in those groups which are not direct producers, and of course from unemployment. Although the Algerian Government loudly pro-

Rainbow's End

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claimed its desire to respect a private sector in industry and to retain a mixed type of economy, small businessmen have become frightened, investments and imports have dropped off, and the labor market has shrunk. At the same time, the number of Algerian workers seeking employment in France (there are 500,000 of them already) has increased substantially, posing serious problems to both the French and the Algerians.

Thus we have in Algeria a true revolution, with all its grand and petty aspects, its impasses and its moments of exaltation; and bets are being laid on the best or the worst outcome, depending on the ideologies of the respective bettors. Actually, the usual standards of judgment are ill adapted to the Algerian situation. The program being undertaken is highly individual and thoroughly original. Moreover, anyone familiar with the basically rural origin of the Algerian insurrection knows that this kind of experiment was inevitable.

The Road of Non-Alignment

But how should we interpret the program in terms of political significance? I recently traveled with President Ben Bella in the special plane which took him to Cairo, and in the course of our conversation I asked, "Who is the national leader to whom you feel closest?" He smiled and pondered the question at length, probably considering how to avoid offending all the national leaders he would not name. Finally he decided to reply as follows: "You see, to me Castro is a brother, Nasser is a teacher, but Tito is an example."

This answer made very good sense. I had understood Ben Bella's deep feelings toward Cuba. I realized that in Havana the Algerian leader had felt the marvelous warmth of a fraternal welcome, and that he admired certain accomplishments in agriculture; he still recalled the inspiring spectacle of students abandoning their studies to take part in harvesting the cotton crop. On the international scene, however, he was infinitely more cautious. When the Algerian Government decided to expropriate the big landholder, Borgeaud, whose name is the incarnation of a half-century of reactionary colonialism, the French press attributed the following remark to General de Gaulle, apparently uttered in the Council of Ministers: "Gentlemen, I trust that you do not expect me to take up the defense of Mr. Borgeaud?" Afterward, I saw President Ben Bella. He was radiant. He said to me: "If only the Americans had not defended the interests of United Fruit in Guatemala, if only they had not espoused the interests of American capitalists in Cuba, perhaps the rupture could have been prevented." The question here is not whether Mr. Ben Bella is right or wrong. The point is, his remark reveals his hope that he will not be forced by the West into a position which is contrary to his temperament and to the road he has chosen to follow.

This road is the one of Arab or African neutralism, as the case may be, but in any case, the road of non-alignment. At present, the Bulgarians and the Cubans are being honored in Algeria. But the ones who are lending aid, on whom Algeria depends and to whom she will turn when the chips are down, are the French, the Yugoslavs and the Americans. US aid has recently been substantial, discreet and unconditional – "The first manifestation," says Mr. Ben Bella, "of a new Kennedy policy which might have a chance in the Uncommitted World." This favorable reaction to US assistance on the part of the Algerians was in part influenced by Ben Bella's awareness that last year Egypt was literally saved from disaster by President Kennedy; accordingly it is appropriate to touch here on the relations between Ben Bella and Nasser.

It has often been said that Algeria has become a sort of African way-station for Nasser, and there are many arguments in support of this theory. Nasser has greatly aided the Algerian revolution in general and Ben Bella in particular, ever since the 1954 insurrection broke out. To all Arabs – and Ben Bella likes to think of himself as an Arab – Cairo represents the fulfillment of many dreams. Moreover, Nasser is the Arab leader who is respected by both the Russians and the Americans; his personal prestige is considerable. There are a multitude of "liberation committees" in Algeria which greatly resemble those which exist in Cairo and which lead one to believe that Ben Bella has tried to adopt the same methods of subversion as Nasser. Opposition parties find haven and subsidies in Algerian exile. On the other hand, during his recent trip to the United Arab Republic, Ben Bella was treated like a member of the Arab Federation, and the Syrians, the Iraqis, and even the Kurds, came to him and begged him to act as arbiter between them and President Nasser.

Committed to the socialist solution, the Algerians may think of the Moroccan monarchy as backward; they may believe that Bourguiba is tied too tightly to the West; they may wish to take the lead in decolonizing Angola. Nevertheless, owing to their geographic location, the immensity of the domestic program they have undertaken, and the particular characteristics of their people, the Algerians can never afford to become too enmeshed in the problems peculiar to the Middle East, and Ben Bella is intermittently aware of this. Nasser is almost always a hero, but never an instructor on policy. Algeria is grateful to him for having brought honor to the Arabs, and he is admired for what he has accomplished in his own country – but he is denied the right to meddle in Algerian affairs. This right is denied to him as a specific outcome of pride in the Algerian experiment as the most unprecedented and audacious ever carried out in an underdeveloped country.

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Our Miseducated Teachers

by Christopher Jencks

The education of American teachers has been a scandal since before most of us were born, and it will be hard for the majority to persuade themselves that another book exposing the same old idiocies deserves much attention. We have got comfortably used to living with this particular muddle. We know that even though many teachers are semi-literate, somehow students manage to get into – and out of – reputable colleges. Indeed, the professors in most of these colleges, although unreconciled to the way teachers are educated, will usually admit that today's freshman is better prepared and more ambitious than were the professor's classmates a generation ago.

The Miseducation of American Teachers
by James D. Koerner
(Houghton Mifflin; $4.95)

James Koerner's book is an attempt to revive the old scandal, and I confess to having begun it with misgivings. Koerner did most of his research (visits to 63 institutions, interviews with teachers and students, questionnaires, statistical analyses of transcripts) during his two years as executive director of the Council for Basic Education, an organization mainly devoted to attacking the legacy of progressivism and urging a return to the Three R's. Koerner himself is a typical spokesman of this organization: a PhD in American studies who has not, so far as one can tell from the book jacket, taught in a public school, nor worked in teacher-education. Knowing all this I expected *The Miseducation of American Teachers* to be another salvo in the interminable war between the liberal arts professors and the educationists. It *is* that, but it is a more incisive attack than most of its predecessors. Koerner makes only a few casual references to progressivism and John Dewey; most of his chronicle focuses on the entrenched mediocrity and bureaucratic inflexibility which, more than any particular ideology, have become the major obstacles to educational reform.

His basic thesis is that after years of educational research and discussion educationists still know no more about education than you and he. (I almost wrote "you and me" before remembering that as the holder of a graduate degree in Education I qualify as an educationist.)

We still do not know what democratic values are, much less how the school can inculcate them. We do not know what mental health is, and so we have no real notion how a teacher might promote it. We do not even agree what academic knowledge is worth having, and still less do we agree whether one or another syllabus ensures this knowledge. Studies have compared progressive to traditional schools, permissive to authoritarian teachers, teachers who have majored in the liberal arts to teachers who majored in education, core curricula to departmental courses, textbook to project assignments, homogeneous to heterogeneous grouping, look-and-say to phonic reading. Yet none of these comparisons has produced conclusive results (conclusive in the sense that there is consensus among experts that A leads to B). Education remains dominated by conflicting groups of true believers, for each of whom a different study "proves conclusively" that one method is better than the other.

Koerner sums up his indictment thus:

> "All this is not to say that education as an academic enterprise is illegitimate, or any more out of place in universities than schools of business administration or social work. No standards exist that determine the degree of legitimacy of an academic discipline. But it is to say that until Education develops the minimum qualifications that are found in most fields – a theoretical dimension on which to base training programs, a practical application which produces some kind of demonstrable results, and verified methods of investigating the phenomena of the field – until it has this equipment, it ought to be more modest in its claims, far more restrained in its demands on student time, and more humble in its general expectations. Educationists ought to abandon the manifestly absurd claim that people can become competent teachers only when they have been through orthodox training programs, and its corollary that all teachers, before the advent of professional Education, must have been blithering idiots who knew nothing about their job. Educationists need to recognize that the ideas and claims upon which professional work in Education is now based are extremely tenuous; they should recognize that, despite the fact that almost all teachers now in the public schools have been through the standard preparatory programs, the level of public school teaching lends no particular support to the efficacy of these programs. In short, Education, recognizing that its record has been more one of promise than performance, ought to reconstruct itself as an academic enterprise, bringing its claims to power and authority into reasonable relation to its demonstrated virtues and improving its standards at every point in the system."

If Koerner were more interested in history, he might have followed up this appraisal by discussing what is in some ways the most baffling question about teacher education, namely how the educationists ever won legal recognition for their preposterous claims. The tendency to make such claims, after all, is inherent in every interest-group. Politi-

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cal scientists tend in their more exalted moments to imagine that they alone understand politics. English professors fancy that they are uniquely qualified as literary critics, and many psychologists would have us believe that their studies have given them special insight into child-rearing.

Yet women are still allowed to raise children without taking courses on child development, citizens can exercise political power without degrees in political science, and literary critics can still review books without getting a PhD. No doubt there are some who would like to "protect the public" by putting the "incompetents" out of business, but they keep their views to themselves.

The readiness of the legislature to back certification laws for teachers is doubly puzzling when one realizes that this action intensified the shortage of teachers and thereby increased the cost of running the schools. In addition, unlike certification for most professions, teacher certification barred many men and women from the public schools whom almost everyone would otherwise accept as qualified, including those with years of successful work in private schools, in higher education, and even, ironically, in teacher education.

This seems to defy common sense, and it can only be explained by remembering the atmosphere in which the certification laws were usually enacted. They came in at the end of the nineteenth and early twentieth century, when many local school boards were hiring teachers with no qualifications at all, either in the liberal arts or education. These teachers were hired because they knew someone on the school board, or because they were willing to work for less money than graduates of normal schools and liberal arts colleges. The reformers, eager to "get the schools out of politics" and eliminate the unqualified, supported certification for the same reason they supported the civil service – to end the spoils system.

But as Koerner notes, high hopes have mostly been betrayed. As with other ventures in creating a civil service, certification had unforeseen drawbacks, which Koerner portrays with bitter accuracy. First, he notes that unlike certification for almost all other professions, teacher certification is not based on any generally accepted theory of what a teacher ought to know before entering a classroom. There are a few vague general rubrics: "educational psychology," "history and philosophy of education," "curriculum and methods," etc., etc. But there is no agreement what these courses should cover, and so no state or national examinations can be given the candidates. As Koerner notes, this completely undermines the professional claims of the teachers, since if no specific facts and ideas are essential for a license, there can hardly be any intellectual justification for requiring a batch of course titles. The educationists, it seems, want (and get) what no other group has: the independence of the liberal arts professor to set his own syllabus, and the power of the professional schools to make their chosen syllabus the *sine qua non* of entering a particular calling.

Lest there be any doubt, Koerner's book contains ample proof that the educationists abuse their freedom in a shocking way. He discusses classes he visited, transcripts he examined, comments of students, and perhaps most damning of all, the National Teacher Examinations. These voluntary exams have been administered for 13 years by the Educational Testing Service (designers of the College Board exams). The questions, Mr. Koerner reports, are written mainly by "experts" nominated by the National Education Association. The following is a sample:

> "In stimulating students to build mobiles, a teacher might most suitably suggest that they draw their inspiration from
>
> A. their own emotions
> B. movements in nature
> C. movements of human activity
> D. the rhythms of industry
> E. the rhythms of music."

Those who have had a course in "art for children," guessing that the question was probably written by a man whose general education stopped in high school, and whose idea of culture is therefore shaped by recollections of a middle-aged spinster enamored of Wordsworth and Tennyson, may be able to guess that the "correct" answer is B. Others, less clairvoyant or more ill-tempered, may conclude the authors are bureaucrats, wedded to the notion that for every problem there is one and only one best solution. Either way, if this is the sort of thing teacher education sponsors, why bother?

Nor are the abuses always so trivial. As Koerner notes, the fact that state certification requires no demonstration of knowledge or competence, but merely credit in the appropriate subjects from an accredited college, means that the accreditation agencies have remarkable power. Yet the accrediting bodies in teacher education seem to act only against colleges whose formal curriculum looks unorthodox, like Carleton and Wisconsin, never against the fifth-rate teachers colleges whose half-educated alumni do so much to

Armor Vincit Omnia

The beetle-browed Neanderthal
Was not so primitive at all;
His ingenuity and labor
Contrived a club to beat his neighbor.
His neighbor took his plows and harrows
And made them into bows and arrows.
Now we've progressed through modern science
Up to the ultimate appliance
Where, not content with gun and sabre,
Our ingenuity and labor
Have fashioned fire and concussion
Into a bomb to beat a Russian.
The Russian also whets his fang
Until . . . the world ends with a bang!

RICHARD M. GORDON

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perpetuate anti-intellectualism in small-town America. Even deliberate fraud is sometimes sanctioned. Koerner cites the example of "Metropolitan University," whose empire-building dean turned the Graduate School of Education into a diploma-mill, granting graduate degrees for course work students had not even taken. Unhappy faculty members protested to the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and to the New York State Department of Education, yet both organizations renewed accreditation until the threat of a newspaper exposé arose. Accreditation, in short, is not protection against mediocrity, and perhaps not even against charlatanism.

But even if certification and accreditation are near-meaningless rituals, the question remains whether they do any harm. Do they prevent many good men and women from entering the schools? Koerner implies that we would have better teachers if we eliminated these requirements, but he does not make a very persuasive case.

Koerner gives fairly convincing evidence that the quality of instruction in education courses is generally low. The instructors probably have the lowest IQ's on the college faculty, and their subject matter remains for the most part a combination of banal rhetoric and trivial detail. There can be no doubt that initial exposure to such courses has discouraged some capable men and women from becoming teachers. On the other hand, the courses require so little work that an able student, while he may find them dull, is not likely to find them acutely painful. Certainly the education courses are little more time consuming than the elementary language courses which block the road to a PhD, or similar hazing carried out by many other professions. If teachers really objected to such courses, the private schools which do not require them would be deluged with competent applicants. They aren't. The most that can probably be said, then, is that among college-educated women looking for an interim job before having children, or thinking about taking a job after their youngest has gone to school, the thought of going back to college to take education courses is perhaps a deterrent. (Even this is not true in some districts, for the shortage of certified

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE

by RICHARD HOFSTADTER

The Pulitzer Prize historian uses the idea of anti-intellectualism as a device for exploring various features of the American character. His concern is not merely to portray the scorners of intellect in American life, but to say something about what the intellectual is, and can be, as a force in democratic society. "As Mr. Hofstadter unfolds the fascinating story, it is no crude battle of eggheads and fatheads. It is a rich, complex, shifting picture of the life of the mind in a society dominated by the ideal of practical success."

— ROBERT PEEL, *Christian Science Monitor.* $6.95

SOON, ONE MORNING

New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962

Selected and edited, with an Introduction and Biographical Notes

by HERBERT HILL

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teachers forces many superintendents to hire any applicant with a BA.)

These reservations are certainly not an argument in favor of the status quo. As Koerner suggests, both certification and accreditation need a complete overhaul. But it seems to me misleading to suggest, as Koerner does, that changes in these areas would lead to dramatic improvements in public education. Indeed, Koerner's whole book appears to overestimate the importance of teacher education in shaping the public schools and underestimate the way conditions in the public schools shape teacher education. This misplaced emphasis is especially clear in the concluding section where Koerner makes 13 specific recommendations for the reform of teacher-education. Almost all are desirable, but almost none could be implemented without a radical change in the kinds of people willing to become teachers, and teachers of teachers. Koerner may believe that such a change in recruitment could be brought about simply by changing teacher education, but if so, I fear he is too optimistic.

Koerner recommends, for example, that in colleges with unselective admissions policies teacher education programs should wash out any candidate who fails to maintain a B average in his liberal arts courses. Colleges with selective admissions should require at least a C. This sounds fine. After all, who wants academically inept students to become teachers? On closer examination, however, this question turns out not to be rhetorical. The answer is that both school boards and many superintendents want academically inept teachers. The school board hires them because they are less fussy about working conditions and salaries. Not that it objects if a good liberal arts graduate decides to teach, but it won't normally adapt the school system to his talents, or try very hard to get more like him. The superintendents often want mediocre students too, because such men and women do not have fancy ideas about their rights and responsibilities, are more willing to adapt to the demands of the front office, and less likely to initiate controversial classroom activities. Koerner is aware of all this, but he does not seem to realize the implications.

If his recommendations about grade point minima were implemented next year, the annual crop of certifiable teachers would drop from this year's high of 158,000 to somewhere between 50,000 and 75,000. Who would fill the vacant classrooms? Surely Koerner is not so naïve as to believe that 80,000 to 100,000 good liberal arts graduates would throw up their graduate fellowships and professional school plans or drop out of their management training programs to fill the breach. (Would it be a good thing, either for them or for the country, if they did?) Koerner must know perfectly well that these men and women, especially the men, want careers of a kind the schools simply cannot provide. This is not just a matter of wanting the money and status to which they feel their talent entitles them. They also want interesting work – jobs in which clerical and custodial duties are done by someone else, jobs in which they have a large measure of intellectual and personal freedom and do not have to constantly take orders from a front office or a local board, and jobs in which their special talents, if any, will be recognized and rewarded. Some of them want to teach, but they usually prefer to work in colleges, where they can treat their students as near equals and take comparatively little guff from their employers, rather than in schools.

So long as the public schools are run by local school boards which see no difference between a B student and a C student, and so long as they are administered by superintendents and principals to whom what happens in the classroom is less important than managerial efficiency and running a tight ship, the more intellectual undergraduates are going to look elsewhere for employment. This simple fact makes most of Koerner's recommendations for improving teacher education unworkable. In particular, it makes it impractical to implement his major thesis, which is that at most points we should throw out the educationists and bring in liberal arts professors instead. So long as teachers are not good students, the typical arts professor will decline to "waste his time" on them.

Scholars and scientists are in desperately short supply in America, and they have considerable power to decide for themselves who and where they will teach. Almost universally, they shun colleges and courses which attract mediocre students. Some take jobs in highly selective colleges, where only a handful of future teachers get past the admissions office. Others work in big state universities. These men could teach teachers, but they certainly don't want to. They want to work in research institutes, teach graduate students, and perhaps, as a gesture of civic responsibility, teach an upper-level undergraduate course for those who plan to "go on in the field."

Future teachers, on the other hand, are concentrated in the introductory courses, mostly taught by graduate students. This is true for several reasons. First, they cannot afford to specialize academically, for they will be asked to teach a wide variety of subjects. At times landing a good job will depend upon apparent versatility. Second, they are afraid to take most upper-division courses because the professors in these courses often grade them rigorously – in order to "maintain standards" and keep the time-servers out. Indeed, some professors deliberately have long reading lists and tough exams to drive away the "education crowd," whom they regard as mediocrities. Inevitably, the less self-confident students take Education courses instead, since the competition is less rigorous and an Honors grade easier to get.

I do not mean to imply that nobody trained in the liberal arts is available to teach teachers. My point is only that nobody trained in the liberal arts will teach teachers if he can help it. Those who take these jobs do so because they cannot get a better one. They are graduate students finishing their dissertations; terminal MA's who have been eased out of the doctoral program and have gratefully taken jobs in mediocre liberal arts colleges; impoverished married men who never felt quite ready for their doctoral orals and took a "temporary" job in a local commuter college to pay for the second baby. These men are not all incompetent, but in an academic world both highly competitive and ruthlessly graded, all but the young graduate students are defined as failures. There are only a few acceptable ways to run the academic race, and

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these men have won at none of them.

When you realize this, it is easier to understand why Education flourishes. For the majority (there are, thank God, conspicuous exceptions) it is a defensive alliance for those who long ago realized that they could not compete in the major leagues, and preferred to set up their own circuit rather than be constantly scorned as "bush." Who can blame them? Each of us must live with his limitations in his own way, rationalizing his reluctance to meet certain challenges, and explaining away his failures. Somehow we must preserve our self-respect, even though in our lonelier moments we know we do not deserve it. From time to time, of course, men like Koerner must remind the public of these illusions, pointing out that the educationists are playing strictly minor league ball. But there is not too much point in stamping one's foot and announcing the educationists should "raise standards," trying to join the major leagues where they are not wanted and do not want to go.

What Koerner and most other liberal arts professors want is a monolithic educational system, dominated by the ideals of the graduate schools and the Nobel Prize winners, offering the same training and evaluating it in the same way at every level. There is only one way to achieve this, and that is to arrange for an equal distribution of talent throughout the various levels. If you want elementary teachers to accept the liberal arts as proper training and college grades as suitable measures of competence, you must arrange to have the elementary schools dominated by men who have succeeded by these standards. Instead of sending all our Phi Beta Kappa's to graduate schools we would have to send some of them into elementary school teaching. Whether this would be a sensible use of the intellectually gifted is hard to say. Nor is it easy to see what would lure such men into the elementary schools. But unless this can be done, the elementary schools will be staffed by people who did poorly in college, and these people, being Americans of an egalitarian temperament, will naturally reject any standard of evaluation which makes them appear third-rate. In theory, perhaps, the problem could be solved by eliminating college grades, so that everyone could study the liberal arts without having to feel inept, but in practice that is about as likely as that James Koerner will be the next President of the National Education Association.

Nabokov: Old News from Old Prospero

by Hilary Corke

Mr. Nabokov's new novel is, of course, an old one. *The Gift* is his last Russian romance before he turned to bless us with his English, and dates from 1937. Its fame in the other language has long sounded in the ears of those of us who (unlike, say, Mr. Edmund Wilson) could not read it. Here at last it is,

The Gift
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Putnam; $5.95)

translated by Michael Scammell with the close cooperation of the author.

Its form is pseudo-autobiography. The year is in the mid-1920's. The hero, Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev, is a young aristocratic émigré living in Berlin – just like, at that date, Mr. Nabokov. He writes poems, dreams of Russian literature and of his lost Russian estates, composes chess-problems, is a passionate lepidopterist – just like, at that date, Mr. Nabokov. Furthermore he is referred to, throughout the book, alternatively as *he* and *I*, a typical mirror-conjuring trick of this author, which further serves to confuse the writer with the written-of. But we are firmly warned, in a foreword, off any temptation to identify Godunov-Cherdyntsev with his creator. *On the contrary*, says Mr. Nabokov: *not at all!*

It seems to me that we come up smack against a very real difficulty here. "The novel" is not "life." In "the novel" events are shaped, patterned, bent; and the interest is in the design that, out of pieces of imagined or imitated reality,

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is composed. In autobiography, we do not expect this design; life is not like that and its significant form, if it is lucky enough to have one, is of quite another kind; the interest here is not in the pattern of the pieces but in the fact that they *happened*. The demand upon us is that it is true. Pseudo-autobiography, therefore, puts its author into straits from the very beginning. For if he is to lend it authenticity, he has to give it that life-like shapelessness and wealth of odd detail that, in the event, lose half of their attractiveness from the simple fact that the reader knows that they *haven't* happened. "Goodness, how fascinating!" he begins to say; and then pulls himself up short with the reminder that this is a mere invention. (For instance, if I were to tell you that I once fell off a twenty-story building and not merely did not hurt myself but cured a bad headache, you would no doubt be animatedly attentive but, if you then realized that I was simply making it up, bored to tears.)

This difficulty is increased by the fact that Mr. Nabokov has, in *Speak Memory*, written a real autobiography of himself at this very period – and one of the best of modern autobiographies it is too. So that anyone who knows and loves that book is tempted to exclaim "Yes, yes, so you decide that *that* is going to happen to Fyodor, do you? But I know from what even more engaging real event you have derived it." The harsh, fantastic, unpredictable light of life itself breaks in upon the mist of romance and disperses it.

At this point I imagine Mr. Nabokov himself rising to answer – for one of the many resplendent virtues of his books is that they draw you into a continual debate with the author. "You are mistaken," he says: "it has always been my particular concern to show that the distinction between 'novel' and 'life' is a false one. In *Speak Memory* I was at particular pains to point out the incredible *leitmotifs* of life, the way that something apparently (but only apparently) irrelevant, like a box of matches, may crop up again and again at the nodal points of a career."

That is true. But I feel this is a one-way process. The fascination of *Speak Memory* is the manner in which the raw material of a lived life has been transformed into something with the exactness and shape of a classical novel. The weakness of *The Gift* is that what, being a fiction, ought to be a constructed novel, has been deliberately loosened into a pale ghost of a life. And I feel that Nabokov agrees.

A further difficulty is that the pseudo-autobiography of *The Gift* is an imagined record of thought – the story of the development of an invented mind. Again, Fyodor is a less fascinating character than his inventor, lacking the superb self-confidence and forthrightness of idiosyncracy that make Mr. Nabokov such a relief in a world of hesitant half-men. In fact the "hero," or at any rate "heroine," is, as the author says, not Fyodor but Russian Literature. Chapter One is concerned with Fyodor's poems, which are liberally quoted. (Who wrote them, Fyodor or Nabokov?) Chapter Two is in the mood of Pushkin, Chapter Three in that of Gogol. Chapter Four is simply Fyodor's life of Chernyshevski, a 19th-Century liberal of whom I, at any rate, had never heard. And Chapter Five and last ties up the loose ends and discusses the book that Fyodor will write some day – which is *The Gift* itself.

That brings us to the third difficulty – for the English-speaking world. *The Gift* is Russian in a tremendously *private* way. It conveys the strongest sense of being written in Russian for Russians, and Outsiders Please Keep Out. To put it another way, it is intensely provincial: its author has as yet scarcely stepped out of the émigré wings on to the European, let alone on to the world, stage. The life of Chernyshevski, the book within the book, exemplifies this at its purest. For the average West-European it is practically unreadable. One has the sense of eavesdropping. There is palpably loud laughter, in gales, but alas! one does not know the language. Add that half of the life is spoof, describing an old age that Chernyshevski, who as I gather was in reality executed, never had. All this, and then the imaginary notices of the book in, I presume, the imitated styles of various reviewers in the contemporary émigré press, and the total effect is approximately that of, say, a brilliantly witty, deadpan account of Queen Victoria's marriage to Disraeli, upon an intelligent Turk. An 80-percent efficiency-loss, at the most conservative estimate.

We must say, then, that with *The Gift* the Nabokov honeymoon is over. But let us be careful. The point is not the honeymoon, but the possibility of the enduring and happy marriage. We ensure *that* by making certain that the excellences are never taken for granted. In a sense the comparative weakness of much of the subject matter of *The Gift* facilitates this duty: it makes it all the easier to perceive the peculiar and permanent qualities of the style (whereas in *Lolita*, say, we were much busier attending to the thing said).

First, the glittering English, all this author's own. The comparison with Conrad is not revealing. Conrad learned, miraculously, the writing of a fine, pure style strictly comparable to that of the best native-born practitioners of his day – but Nabokov has invented a sort of English that never before existed. When we read *as snug as a thug in a jug*, or *doom does not jam*, or that Pnin was *ideally bald*, we have a sensation, an insight, of what it would be like to be linguistically Russian. One is presented with the illusion that one has at some time learned that desperately unlearned language. Never for one second does the style of Conrad admit one into the experience of thinking Polish.

But more than that, we are granted the gift of becoming Nabokov, of whom his Russianness is only a single aspect. Above all he is the conjuror, the literary illusionist. He constructs his novels as though they were chess-problems, with unpinnings, pawns to knights, and smothered mates. As an example of his deliberate heightening of the air of mystery and mastery, we may consider a single repeated and strongly characteristic trick – the metaphorical animation of the inanimate. Thus, "The rain began coming down faster: someone had suddenly tilted the sky." Or, describing the effect of a hot sun appearing and disappearing behind clouds, "As the light got stronger or died away, all the shadows in the forest breathed and did push-ups." Or, in a Lewis Carrollian vein, "The yawn begun by a woman in the lighted windows

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of the first car [of a moving train] was completed by another woman – in the last one."

Then there is the splendidly uncompromising nature of his contempt – which would be a vice in almost any other writer (or person, for that matter) but not in him: because, one feels, his scorn is always a proper reaction to an external and dispassionately observed thing, and not a mere cast of mind. It is simply that he is merciless to all that is stupid and vulgar and wicked – the antithesis of the type who always manages to "understand." Add to this a profound and recherché sense of humor, a harsh laugh that is the very opposite of amused, and we have the savage portrayer *par excellence* of all that is farcical in the awful and horrible.

Here is a letter from a French professor to a German pseudo-scholar:

> "You write the name Deschanel at times with an *accent aigu* and at others without it. Since a certain uniformity is necessary here it would be good if you were to take a firm decision as to which system you wish to adhere to, and then stick to it. If for any reason you should desire to write this name correctly, then write it without an *accent*."

If for any reason – it is the epitome of blandly polite contempt! And here he dismisses the inflated Herzen –

> "[Fyodor] was again better able to understand the flaw (a false glib glitter) in his generalizations when he noticed that this author, having a poor knowledge of English . . . had confused the sounds of two English words 'beggar' and 'bugger' and from this had made a brilliant deduction concerning the English respect for wealth."

And here he writes off an émigré novelist with a typically Nabokovian *comédie-noire* turn:

> "He was blind like Milton, deaf like Beethoven, and a blockhead to boot."

When we add it all up – the brilliance, the brains, the scorn, the magicianship, the misanthropy (and I would like to add, the profound uncommon-sense) of Nabokov, we see that there is only one thing to do: cast him as Prospero. It matters peculiarly little that *The Gift* is unsatisfactory in its *ensemble:* a book written as it is written can never in any sense be a bad book. And it is not difficult to believe that this opinion of its comparative unsuccess is shared by the author. The life-material he has rescued, and used again in its original form, in the superb *Speak Memory*. And, of the purely fictitious part – the passages about Fyodor's father, which were much the most moving things in *The Gift* and culminated in perhaps the most memorably hallucinating account of a dream in any literature – have also been extracted recently, and with the addition of some new material been published as a short story, *The Lyre*, in *The New Yorker* (April 13). It says almost everything about the conditions of exile – its horrors, splendors, miseries, sudden catching moments of intolerable pain – takes a tenth of the length of *The Gift* to do it in, and does it ten times as well.

ARCHITECTURE

Le Corbusier at Harvard

Charles Edouard Jeanneret, better known as Le Corbusier, was not present when his first building in the United States, the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts at Harvard, was officially dedicated on May 27. At 76, this owlish-looking poet, sculptor, painter, city planner and architect is active in several parts of the globe at once. He had, at any rate, said what he wanted to say with and about the arts center.

After his first visit to the United States back in 1935, Le Corbusier wrote a report entitled, "When the Cathedrals were White . . . A Journey to the Land of Timid People." Just recently he indicated that now, at last having been given his chance in that land, he still felt the same way. At some earlier Harvard arts center function, where everyone expected him to elucidate this architectural abstraction, he rose, spoke five short words and sat down. The words were: *"Il faut avoir du courage!"*

It would thus have been naïve to expect the Harvard arts center to turn out any less shocking than it did. Harvard decided it wanted the unfamiliar and experimental, which is not only the right but probably also the duty of a good university. Harvard got just that. Harvard did not, however, decide just what the precise function of the center should be. It thus got a building which is flexible for all kinds of uses and ideally suited for none. It also gave Le Corbusier a site which is impossible for this venture. Reportedly, the architect considered it the least desirable of three choices originally offered him. He refused, on the other hand, to reduce the size of the building by five percent as his American collaborators, the architects Sert, Jackson and Gourley, had wisely suggested.

Voilá! Now we, the timid people, can walk past Harvard's Fogg Museum on Quincy Street, along the edge of the Yard, and see the *grand maître's* belatedly-invited act of courage administer a swift kick at the Harvard Club. It's not good manners, but that's not what Harvard asked for. What was asked, and rightly so, was, in effect, a summary statement of the enormous contribution Le Corbusier is making to the architecture of our time. And that is precisely what you find on Quincy Street. We should be glad it's there,

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or somewhere in our timid land, if for no other reason than that we are glad to be able to see Picasso originals in our museums rather than mere reproductions in the art books and picture frame stores.

At that, the arts center is not the most Corbuesque of the Le Corbusier originals. Like his grotesque and utterly complex forms at Chandigarh and La Tourette, it is an abstract sculpture, better suited to dazzle the human mind than to shelter the human body. Yet this architectural sculpture does not quite have the rawness or the bold audacious freedom of the Indian government palaces or the Benedictine monastery in France. The brutal genius of the startling forms, with their harsh play of light and shadow, is more powerful in the Mediterranean sun or that of the Himalaya foothills. The pale light of Massachusetts seems to cast a benign, moderate serenity on the temperaments of men and buildings.

That, plus the hemmed-in site (plus, perhaps, regard for our timidity) constrained the master to smoothen his rough concrete, to limit somewhat his wild, structural acrobatics and to tidy a little the frozen confusion which has become his trademark since, with the chapel at Ronchamp of 1950, he turned from Mondrian-like simplicity to latter-day-Picasso-like complexity.

But the curves cutting into cubes, the angular sun screens and their black shadows, the slats and pleats, the planes contrasting with planes, the masses piled on voids and voids piled on masses, the towering light shafts, the protruding water spouts and the bright accents in violent red, blue and yellow . . . they are all there. It's still a *tour de force*, though a sublimated one. To describe the building in plain words is as impossible as it would be to tell you exactly what transpires on the canvas of, say, Picasso's *Guernica*. You stand there, perplexed and bewildered and decide to try and understand the building by entering it. But where?

The most inviting entrance seems that gracefully winding ramp, leading up to the heart of the structure two stories above ground. It is a charming promenade. But, irresistibly, it lures you not into the building, but through it. Past the glass walls of large workshops on either side, you find yourself marching right down again to the other side of the building on Prescott Street. It takes persistence to get inside. You feel never, in fact, really inside the *building* at all. The various rooms, halls, passages and terraces, open and enclosed, sunken or raised, seem to have been fragmented into a labyrinthian tease.

Nor are "room" and "hall" adequate words. They are spaces of varying shapes and dimensions. None ever lets you forget for a moment that they serve a purpose other than to display Le Corbusier's art or artful artlessness. It is hard, if not impossible, to concentrate on whatever it is you want to do in them. A restless clutter of seemingly random columns, protruding walls, curves and corners, tricky light sources and nakedly exposed pipes and mechanical devices keep interfering. Nothing is hidden or tucked away. Le Corbusier once said that a house ought to be a machine for living. Here, indeed, you are in the innards of a machine. There is all the excitement and drama of the engine room of a big ship. But that is hardly a place to study any arts other than those of the ship's engineer.

Two pretty Radcliffe girls, busy with their visual composition projects in one of the workshops said, oh, yes, they liked the building fine. The light, of course, was pretty beastly to work in. Sunscreens or no, some workshop corners are just too bright to be used at certain sunny hours. Others are always too dark without more electric lamps. The winter draft was terrible in spots. The exposed ventilation fans got awfully noisy. The promenaders on the ramp, gluing their curious noses against the window walls were a nuisance. "It would be better if they came in, rather than stand there and stare," said the slim, blond girl. "The boys even drive their scooters up and down the ramp and the whole building shakes. But what the heck! It's still a fabulous work of art!"

It may well be that. It certainly is a good specimen of the shock treatment Le Corbusier's many brilliant design innovations are giving modern architecture. Here the sparks are perhaps too bright and too hot. But in the hands of a skillful disciple their powerful current can forge handsome, strong and purposeful architecture.

Harvard's Spanish-born architecture dean, José Luis Sert is just such a disciple. The Holyoke Center, a few blocks down the street at Cambridge, is just such architecture. Some people resent the new building's ten story height amidst the lower houses on Mount Auburn Street. It spoils the skyline, they say. They find such a radically modern building out of place. What skyline? What place? Here at last is an audaciously beautiful building in the delightfully slummy mess around the Harvard Yard. Just for that it would stick out were it but three stories high. Here, the concrete is also partly unpolished. But it is poured in beautifully disciplined and attractively patterned wood forms. The sun screens give the building a unique but no longer wild façade. Plane contrasts with plane, masses are piled on voids and voids on masses. There are those bold, random window openings (a last farewell to Mondrian?), the light shafts and the sudden accents of bright color. But here it all makes sense. You can read the meaning and purpose of the building as you contemplate it. And it invites you inside.

There is no doubt where you enter. Again we have that enormously tall, arrogant portal of Chandigarh, but it doesn't cut the building asunder. Here it unites its two distinct parts – the administration offices to the left and the University Health Center, with its library jutting out, to the right. It leads you to a pleasant and convenient pedestrian arcade from which you enter all the parts of the structure.

And again there are those deep openings punched into the building mass high up on the tenth floor. On Le Corbusier's own buildings they are, more or less, art for art's sake. In Sert's building they turn out to be delightful loggias for outdoor dining and lounging, adjacent to faculty dining rooms. Under the stilts, or *pilotis*, are shops, ani-

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard M. Gordon *is preparing a volume of light verse.* Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.* Wolf Von Eckardt *is making a study of urban renewal projects for this journal.*

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mating the whole, but not dominating it, as store fronts usually do.

There is order within this building and it is easy to find your way around. The interior rooms, halls, lobbies, and corridors are, in a very simple way, rich and varied. Each has a distinct identity and declares its purpose, which is quite an innovation in our dull office buildings. And so is the elegance and gayness which, for all its surprising variety, is pleasantly harmonious.

The proportions of the building will appear quite different still when the other half of the Holyoke Center is built. The center arcade will then link it directly with Harvard Square and the university. Along with the attractive building complex of which it is part, it promises to show Cambridge and other cities the way to attractive and sophisticated urban design.

Sert and his associates have repeated this feat of using Le Corbusier's often cacaphonous vocabulary in their own harmonious statement across the river at Boston University. Here again, complaints are heard that Sert's tall new tower, now nearing completion, will disrupt the skyline. This may have been true before the Prudential insurance company plunked its monstrous 52-story advertisement disdainfully into the heart of Boston. You can't escape its hideous sight for some thirty miles in any direction. And any towering shape that henceforth soars in the vicinity can only complement and thus mitigate its prominence. The Prudential tower badly needs company to restore the balance it has so contemptuously disrupted.

The new Boston University Law School tower, furthermore, promises to be just as handsome as the Harvard Holyoke Center. That promise is, in fact, already kept by the recently completed Sherman Union, a dining and social hall for students and faculty, which is just superb. It recalls a medieval castle with turrets and towers and balconies, permeated throughout by an elegance seldom found in college architecture. It, too, is pure Le Corbusier. But Sert has turned the master's raw and reckless art into highly civilized architecture. He has, as it were, modulated the noisily rebellious roar of an angry genius.

WOLF VON ECKARDT

ART

Flowers and Faith in Emil Nolde

The counterpoint to the comprehensive Kandinsky exhibition at the Guggenheim last winter was the Museum of Modern Art's equally inclusive retrospective of Emil Nolde, now at the San Francisco Museum of Art and due at the Pasadena Art Museum July 27. Together the two shows are far from summing up the central European contribution to 20th-Century art, but they do establish the poles of that contribution, the two directions toward which most of the work tends: Kandinsky cool and orderly, solidly based on a highly articulated theory of art and rarely straying into actual artistic creation which cannot be covered by the theory; Nolde impassioned and impatient to get down on canvas the spiritual colors and intensities of sea and sky, of flowers and grass, of lovers and exotic people, of Bible stories. The insistent passion of Nolde we are accustomed to recognize in most of German Expressionism; the cool calculations of Kandinsky became institutionalized without becoming dead in the Bauhaus. In this country those calculations, transposed into architecture and "good design," became apotheosized, as things often do over here. In the work of Paul Klee, at and after the Bauhaus, the two poles were held in unexpected balance: the nice calculations, without losing any of their own considerable charm, nevertheless combine with a pervading sense of the mystery of the universe, a mystery which exists independently of art and to which art provides one of the keys. The tendency in art and art theory near the Kandinsky pole was to make art itself both the universe and the mystery, a tendency which reached its own logical conclusion in the art and art theory of the American 1950's.

The reached conclusion, it seems to me, is responsible for the deeply split reaction to the Nolde show when it opened in New York. The split was not, as usually happens, between groups, but rather within individual sensitivities and within the resulting group sensitivity about Nolde's work. It could be summed up as, "Flowers, yes; God, no."

For, despite some brilliant and haunting figure images, the impression remains that Nolde's painting can be divided into two general kinds: pulsing, glowing landscapes, seascapes and flower paintings; and ambitious scenes from the Old and New Testaments. These two classes certainly account for the majority of the artist's paintings that lodge in the memory: huge sunflowers, seen close to, bending down toward earth against turbulent skies, poppies bursting like shells, a thrust of blue and lavender larkspur or delphinium backed up by a red farmhouse under red clouds of evening; and, on the other hand, the glowing communion of Christ and the disciples at the Last Supper, the strong contrast between the bright simplicity of children and the dark weariness of the disciples in the Museum of Modern Art's "Christ Among the Children." The religious paintings were obviously deeply felt by Nolde and were certainly not excuses to compose in strong colors or intense strokes of paint. The relationship was the other way around; it survives the other way around. In the "Children" picture, for instance, you are not really struck by an abstract contrast to darks on the left, brights on the right separated by the tender, leaning form of Christ. On the contrary, the color contrasts underline the quite obvious, conventional, evangelical meaning of the tableau.

Peter Selz, in his long and illuminat-

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ing catalogue essay, notes that "none of Nolde's religious paintings was ever commissioned, or even installed in a church," because "religious authorities in our time have tended to prefer sweet, or at least non-controversial, devotional images to powerful and authentic statements about life and its ultimate values." True enough and something of the same reaction explains why New York generally agreed with the "religious authorities" that Nolde's religious paintings are low-grade. The religious authorities received – or it is presumed they would have received – their shock from the life and force of, say, authentic innocence in the children picture. Art authorities, it may be presumed with as much justification, receive theirs from Nolde's obvious belief in the Gospels, in Christ, in a religion other than art itself, a religion from which art can learn, a religion which art may serve as interpreter and glorifier. Both sets of authorities are professionally involved in the discerning of heresy and Nolde's religious pictures qualify by both sets of standards. On the whole, in recent years, religious authorities have relaxed their protectionist stance a lot more than have art authorities.

Nolde was a peasant artist, perhaps the last of them as it becomes more and more impossible to grow up without some knowledge of the existence of art. Nolde just about did, in the North Schleswig where he was born a few years before the Franco-Prussian War. He was 30 years old before he seriously turned to art. He was able to do so, after thorough training and journeyman practice as a decorative cabinetmaker and carver, because of the phenomenal commercial success of a typical peasant conception: a set of postcards giving features and expressions to the better-known Alps, as in "The Matterhorn Smiles." Having the Matterhorn smile beneath craggy eyebrows is a simple-minded idea, but what it is the simplification of remained part of Nolde's art throughout his life. The flower pictures are neither nature studies nor excuses for color binges. They are soaked with the feeling of God among the poppies, lifting the sea surface, stretching across the sky. This is not I-see-His-blood-upon-the-rose, the ancient religious-nature relationship in which the natural phenomenon becomes a metaphor for religious reality. It is closer to pantheism, or, in Mr. Selz's word, "animism." But it is far, far from the apotheosis of art itself.

Also relevant here is Nolde's very name. When he finally did become an artist he changed his last name from Hansen to Nolde, the name of his native village. After early travels through Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France, and later ones through Russia and to the South Seas, he returned always and for good to that native land, its low lie, its intimacy with the sea, its marshes and waters. Again and again, the flaming sunsets of that jutting land between the two northern seas burn across his paintings and again they are not merely an excuse for color. For Nolde, in some confused way, clear enough in the work, God is in the sunset, as in the flowers. Very rarely the two things came together. In "The Great Gardener," for example, the looming, enormous face bends down protectively over the sprouts and there is no doubt, even without the title, that God is meant by the face and form of the gardener. No less is the force and thrust of nature a factor in the formally religious pictures. The children turn toward Christ as the flowers turn toward the sun; the deep, deep blue of the night of the Nativity is a living witness of the event no less than the humans and animals.

For Nolde, God, nature, the thrust of life, the intensity of the human spirit, all were one, somehow; it didn't much matter how, so long as the fundamental unity was perceived and allowed to shine through the paintings. The act of painting itself, no doubt, could be thought of as partaking of the primal energy, but it could never be mistaken for the energy, the divine spirit, itself.

From his firm grasp of that distinction springs, I believe, much of the distaste for his religious pictures; but also from that grasp springs the greatness of Emil Nolde. He could paint at the very peak of conscious inspiration without mistaking his own state for the world.

FRANK GETLEIN

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Correspondence

Chemical Warfare in Vietnam

Sirs:

I am disturbed by the fact that I have not been able to make known to the American public the facts concerning the use of chemicals in Vietnam. When I originally raised this point in my letter to *The New York Times*, *The New York Times* attacked me editorially for failing to provide evidence. In my reply to this attack, I devoted five paragraphs to specific documentation with regard to the chemicals used. *The New York Times* published my letter, omitting all the particular references to chemicals, attempting to create the impression that my accusations were without substantiation. The source for my information is both Western and Communist.

The US Government has been charged by the South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross, after a year's study by them of the chemicals sprayed in South Vietnam and their effect upon the health of human beings, animals and crops, with using weed killers which, in the large

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doses used, are harmful; with using white arsenic, various kinds of arsenite sodium and arsenite calcium, lead manganese arsenates, DNP and DNC (which inflame and eat into human flesh), and calcic cyanamide (which has "caused leaves, flowers and fruit to fall, killed big cattle like buffaloes and cows, and seriously affected thousands" of the inhabitants of South Vietnam); with having spread these poisonous chemicals on large and densely populated areas of South Vietnam. Admittedly, the South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross is, as its name suggests, allied with those opposing the US-supported Diem regime, but its published findings cannot be ignored since it has urged international investigation of the situation. The use of these weapons, napalm bombs and chemicals, constitutes and results in atrocities, and points to the fact that this is a war of annihilation.

It is worth pointing out that the Editor of *The New York Times*, in reply to a private protest of mine about this, stated that the reason that my evidence on chemical warfare was not published was because it was known all along to *The New York Times*! *The New York Times* of January 19, 1962, stated that of 2,600 villages in Vietnam, nearly 1,400 had been destroyed because of military action by the United States and the Diem Government.

Bertrand Russell
Merioneth, Wales

In reply:

In our March 23, 1963 issue, the facts on the use of poisonous "defoliants" in Vietnam were reported in some detail under the heading "One Man's Meat."

THE EDITORS

Segregation and the "Higher Law"

Sirs:

Your articles on the Negro's extra-legal battle against segregation summons once again the exhilarating presence of the concept of "higher law." One is reminded of the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, that ". . . all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms, to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses & usurpations pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such [forms] and to provide new guards for their future security."

T. C. Crane
Birmingham, Mich.

Ineffectual Birth Control

Sirs:

In your April 27 issue, you quote (apparently in agreement) the statement of the administrator of AID that "what is preventing effective family planning measures in India is not the attitude of the government or the people, but the practical ways and means . . . by which family planning can be effectuated. . . ." You then go on to claim that the issue of birth control should be made "a matter of medical research, *where it properly belongs since present methods of birth control, whether natural or mechanical, are so inadequate*" (italics mine).

Really, now! The population of France was stabilized by a low birth rate long before medical research into family planning was even envisaged. Despite improvements in contraceptives, greater knowledge of the "rhythm" method, and greater accessibility to mechanical means of controlling births, fertility in the United States, Australia, Canada, and various countries of Western Europe has been at higher levels in the period since World War II than at any time since that immediately following World War I.

Without denying the importance of medical research, I think anyone conversant with research into the practice (or non-practice) of family planning itself must conclude that this subject is most emphatically *not* a "matter of medical research." The question is one of people's attitudes and values, their fears and aspirations, communication and social change. It is a research problem, in short, for the sociologist, psychologist, anthropologist, and statistician.

Lincoln H. Day
The Australian National University

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